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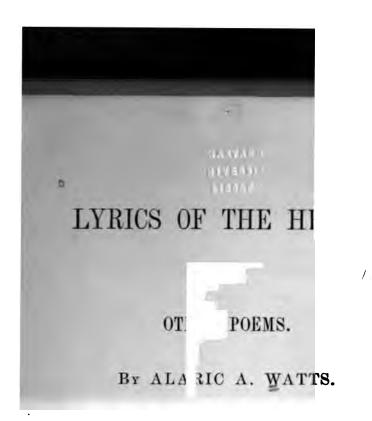
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Familiar matter of to-day;
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That hath been, and may be again.

WORDSWORTH.

WITH FORTY-ONE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

NEW-YORK:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 200 BROADWAY.
1852.



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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY GIFT OF MARY E. HAVEN JULY 2, 1914,



TO MRS. ALARIC WATTS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HER AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

.

잌

MANY of the poems of which the present wal composed, have been long, and I think I to add, favourably known to the public. them, indeed, (originally published in illustrated period dical works of which I was the editor,, have attracted more notice, and obtained a wider circulation, then could reasonably have been anticipated for tribes of so unambitious a character. Independently of the kindness with which they were received, on their first appearance. by the critical press, and the commendations they have had the good fortune to elicit from a large majority of my literary contemporaries, they have been reprinted in most of the collections of modern poetry which have issued from the press in this country and in America during the last quarter of a century. I allede more particularly to the poems entitled "The Death of the First-Born," "My own Fireside," "Ten Years Ago,"

"Kirkstall Abbey Revisited," "The Sister of Charity,"
"The Grey Hair," "Lines on Burning a Packet of Letters,"
"The Youngling of the Flock," and "The Wedding-Day."

Nor has the favour with which they have been regarded, been confined, altogether, to readers whose connection with literary pursuits, or personal knowledge of the author, might be supposed to have exercised some influence on their judgment. Among the cordial and encouraging testimonies they have, from time to time, called forth, was one from the virtuous and patriotic statesman whose recent melancholy death has been so deeply and universally deplored; the more gratifying, because wholly unsought and unexpected by me. "It is "not," (said the late Sir Robert Peel, in a letter which I had the gratification to receive from him, in the year 1826,) "from mere courtesy that I assure you that your "name is respected by me. I have had the satisfaction "of reading many of your poems. I particularly call "to mind two-'The Death of the First-Born,' and "'My own Fireside;' to have written which would be "an honourable distinction to any one." Eighteen years afterwards, his recollection of these poems induced him to

I received an additional and medition properties in interest he confirmed to take in the venue.

Welfor the large course of a constant of a place trapect large materials and a constant of the place large materials and wall of the constant of the later of the poems as any means of the later of the poems as any means of the later of the poems as any means of the later of the place are any large of the later of the later are also as affect to reasolist and applicant the later of the later o



"is only to be condemned when it offends against time and place,—as in a history or an epic poem. To censure it in a monody, or a sonnet, is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure which is gradually associated, and mingles, as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description.

'Holy be the lay,
'That, mourning, soothes the mourner on his way.

"If I could judge of others by myself, I should not "hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in "our most interesting poems, are those in which the "author developes his own feelings. By a law of our "nature, he who labours under any emotion is impelled "to seek for sympathy; but a poet's feelings are all "strong. 'Quicquid amat, valde amat.'" The success of such appeals must, however, always be determined by the power of the poet to produce in the mind of his reader sensations corresponding to those which have given an impulse to his pen.

now a collected collision of my proficed without the more especially as the congruing which arranged from were completed many years any. It sum an impure I cannot, in this place at least offer the rull and summatory explanation which the invumstances was given to demand. Suffice it to mention, that the distinction of my mind, for upwards of tex years from more congental pursuits, by a laborations, harmsing, and to me profitted undertaking, which, so some as a seemed likely to reward me for the toil I had empended upon in was transmit wrested from my hands, was such that there are more of that period I scarriely write a line of time and my subsequent rulesces emanglement in the mesnes of the Court of Chancery for nearly seven more team, set me little leisure or inclination for poemes, studies

- Many a year amornion maline.



From more calm pursuits diverted,

To a task I plied in vain;

Tastes abandoned, haunts deserted,

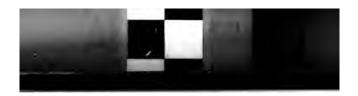
Which, though late, I seek again."

But to turn from personal details to the chief object of this notice. In 1824 I published a small volume of poems, entitled "Poetical Sketches," of which four editions were exhausted in little more than two years. A sense of its imperfections, however, has deterred me from reprinting it since 1827; or from including more than about a third part of its contents in the present collection. Another portion of the poems comprised in the following pages were originally published in the ten volumes of the "Literary Souvenir," and the three volumes of the "Cabinet of Modern Art," which were edited by me from 1824 to 1837. The remainder are of later, some of very recent date, and several of them are from the pen of my wife.* No chronological or other classification has been attempted; and if the appearance of variety, which is sometimes favoured by the absence of a formal arrangement, should not in some degree atone for the omission, I have nothing better to urge in its defence.

The whole of the embellishments of the present volume were engraved expressly for its pages: but not the least evil created by the long delay of its publication is that three or four of them have been surreptitiously copied in other publications; although with such indifferent success as to detract but little from the value of the originals. The subject of another plate has, with my permission, been engraved for a large print.

Considerable difficulties present themselves to the painter who undertakes to illustrate poems of this description; a failure being almost inevitable whenever an attempt is made to identify a design with the incident rather than the sentiment of the poem. It is for this reason that several of the subjects of the engravings are rather emblematical of the poems they accompany, than representations of any particular scenes they describe.

It is not improbable that I may have rendered myself liable to an imputation, which I do not deserve, for having embellished, in an expensive manner, a series of trifles of so little real importance. My explanation is a very simple one. For upwards of fourteen years I was intimately associated with many of our



most eminent modern artists in the production of a series of illustrated works, and the agreeable nature of that intercourse led to a desire on my part to connect myself with them in some volume which should be composed wholly of my own writings. Hence the decorative form which these pages have assumed.

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-



TO NINE SISTERS.

Let other bards their homage pay
To Sisters all have dubbed "divine;"
A love sincerer prompts my lay,
To hymn a less immortal NINE.
What hath my humble lyre to do
With goddesses too fine for earth,
Whose simple music ever drew
Its power from spells of lowlier birth!

TO NINE SISTERS.

A wild, Æolian lute, whose strings,
By nature swayed, no sounds impart,
Save when some fitful feeling flings
Its breeze-like impulse o'er my heart;
But waking gentle echoes oft,
Where prouder strains might fail to move;—
Fond, brooding thoughts, and visions soft,
Of fireside peace, and home-bred love.

In years long past, when life was new,
Ere Time or Care had touched my brow.
My carliest songs were given to you;
Come back and be my Muses now!—
Now that my heart is faint and worn
With many a vigil dark and long,
And I have learned those hues to mourn
That brightened once my hopes and song.

The smiles that lit my path of yore,
And bade my lyre responsive thrill,
May plume my flagging wing once more,
May raise my drooping spirit still:
Oh, could that sunshine bring again
The high resolves my boyhood knew.
Haply, I then might 'wake a strain
Worthier a poet's fame and you!

TO NINE SISTERS.

The bounding pulse, ingenuous glee,

That spring-like, rich, romantic gleam,

Which tinges every thing we see,

And makes ou youth one blessed dream,—

A summer day, of deep delight,

When not a threatening cloud is near,

When all is beauty to the sight,

And all is mus c to the ear!

And such my life when Hope was young,
And the bright world before me lay,
And visions of enchantment flung
Their glories on my lonely way.
Yes, such was life to me, when first,
Inspired by you my gentlest NINE,
Fresh from the fount of feeling burst
The strains that wreathed your names with mine!

Ye, too, are changed: the playful child,
My Muse of mirth in other days,
That bade me share her gambols wild,
And charmed me with her winning ways,—
Is now a child no more;—but moves
With slower step, sedater air;
With many a grace her Poet loves,
But not the smiles she used to wear.

TO NINE SISTERS.

And ye, o'erstepping then the bound
'Twixt girlhood's bloom and woman's beauty,
Whose hearts the hallowed bliss have found
Of matron love, and matron duty,—
Long o'er your happy circles reign,
And watch love's budding flowers unfold;
But never can you be again
The gladsome band you were of old!

Yet ye shall be my Muses still,

By Memory painted as of yore;

Still shall my harp responsive thrill

To spells it oft hath owned before:

The meeter inspiration far

Those unambitious chords to move,

Whose cherished themes so often are

Childhood's sweet smiles, and Woman's love.

Let loftier bards their tributes bring
To nymphs of more uncertain mood;
Whilst grateful memory bids me sing
A fairer, kinder Sisterhood:
For them may Faith's bright beacon shine;
Its grace in God's good time be given;
So shall they shame the heathen Nine,
And be immortal, too, in heaven!



TEN YEARS AGO.

That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for time
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmor; other gdu
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense.

1.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,

Life was to us a fairy scene,
And the keen blasts of worldly woe

Had sered not then its pathway green;

Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,

Feelings we ne'er can know again,

Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,

And frames unworn by mortal pain:

Such was the bright and genial flow

Of life with us—ten years ago!



TEN YEARS AGO.

H.

Time has not blanched a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of Care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are bright as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy rosy cheek is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears;—
But where, oh where's the spirit's glow
That shone through all—ten years ago!

III.

I, too, am changed, I scarce know why;
I feel each flagging pulse decay;
And youth, and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away!
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife
In soul and form,—I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,—
Oh, how unlike—ten years ago!

But, look not thus: I would not goe.

The wreck of larges that thru, must share.

To bid those yearns hours neares.

When all around me seemed a fur We've wandered in in summ vertice. When while were leve and downs in all of And hard in hand have keys a groupe. And still will keep, land soom and me ma. Endeared by thes we would not kin w. When the was young—we were key.

Has Fortune frequell—Has freque were run.

For hearts like turn she total not small.

Have friends proved false:—Their area might want.

But ours grew families, friend with.

Twin banks on this withfile managing ware.

Stedfast in calms, in temperatures.

In concert still our face we'll heart.

Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;—

Sweet feelings we would not forego, For life's best joys—ten years ago!



THE PAINTER'S DEELY.

Here let me rest; a dewy fragmente breathes.

In gentlest whispers, from the pulies around.

Whilst o'er my head, in green and graceful versatile.

The o'erarching vine its wandering shoots hath wounds.

What rainbow hues you bright horizon bound.

What golden gleams you sheeping spires invest.

Here let me pause,—it is enchanted ground:

Hence, let me brood upon you burning weet.

Where sun-touched Florezce lies, like Love on Beauty's breast!

TEN YEARS AGO.

VI.

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die;
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry!
Was it not sweet in that sad hour
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise:—
What, to the thought that soothed that woe,
Were heartless joys—ten years ago!

VII.

Yes, it is sweet, when Heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee!
But even more sweet, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me:
Then dry those tears, though somewhat changed
From what we were in earlier youth,—
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;—
Sweet feelings we would not forego,
For life's best joys—ten years ago!



Hath left us love in all its truth;—
Sweet feelings we would not forego,
For life's best joys—ten years ago!



THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

I.

Here let me rest; a dewy fragrance breathes,
In gentlest whispers, from the plains around,
Whilst o'er my head, in green and graceful wreaths,
The o'erarching vine its wandering shoots hath wound:
What rainbow hues yon bright horizon bound!
What golden gleams yon sleeping spires invest!
Here let me pause,—it is enchanted ground;
Hence, let me brood upon yon burning west,
Where sun-touched Florence lies, like Love on Beauty's breast!

9

II.

But not alone to chain the roving eye,
Doth you fair scene its magic marvels spread;
It bath a holier spell, a charm more high—
The haunt, the birth-place of the glorious dead!
There Raffaelle oft his heavenly fancy fed
With thoughts and visions all too pure for earth;
There Buonaroti's dreams,—of darkness bred,
And Hell's wild grandeur,—taste-sublimed, had hirth;
Two bright but differing stars, of kindred fame and worth.

III.

Unequalled masters of that Art divine
Which makes our visions palpable as bright;
Reath whose keen eye, and touch creative, shine
Unusualized shapes of wonder and delight;
Surpassing rivals in Fame's boundless flight;
Twin heirs of Conius and her broad domain;
One, seeking sunshine in the realms of light,
The other courting Horror's grisly train,
And drawing strongth from Hate, sublimity from Pain!

IV.

Transcendent Raffae, thy accomplished mind,
Irradiate, teemed we beauty, love, and grace!
What pure simplicity, by taste refined,
In all thy forms, the studious eye may trace!
What scraph bright less breathes from every face
Thy glowing mind hath on thy canvass poured;
How doth thy might his humbled heart abase,
Who seeks, a votary true, thy shrine adored,
To win a touch, a charm,—and his despair record!

v.

Nor less his fame, to whose proud hand 'twas given, The Judgment Day's terrific tale to tell; Who, if he sometimes caught his fire from Heaven, Would oftener snatch it from the depths of Hell; The fiercer passions owned his wondrous spell; Titanic grief that will not yield to Time; Revenge, Remorse, and Hate unquenchable,—The weltering offspring of Despair and Crime,—Touched by his wand, uprise in agony sublime!

VI.

But, lo! what Vision bursts upon my sight! What shapes, what hues, you opening doors unfold! What rainbow forms are glancing in the light Showered from you gorgeous roof of fretted gold! Whence spring the dazzling tints I now behold? Where am I, where?—I live, I breathe again! What glorious triumphs of the days of old Are gathered 'round: Ausonia, France, and Spain, Your brightest dreams I see; I have not toiled in vain!

VII.

There Guido's Mary looks in faith on high; There Salvi's Nun in silent prayer doth bow; There Claude's bright rippling wave and sunset sky, Salvator's storm-rent rock and mountain brow, And Poussin's classic glooms are gathering now;-There Carlo Dolci's matchless anguish droops; There golden Titian's living beauties glow; There graceful Watteau spreads his courtly groups; And 'neath his ponderous cross, Del Sarto's Saviour stoops! 12



VIII.

There bright Giorgione's blue-eyed consort shines,
A rival star to Titian's gay Brunette;
There pure Coreggio's reading mourner pines;
And crystal Cuyp's delicious sun hath set;
There Spagnoletto's dying Anchoret,
And Caravaggio's slaughtered Martyrs lie;
There deep, clear Ruysdael's Twilight lingers yet;
Romano's battle steeds are thundering by;
And Cagliari's Feast salutes the broad blue sky!

ıx.

There, too, Albano's Sea Nymphs float along;
Guercino's Hagar sheds upbraiding tears;
Piombo's Lazar in his faith is strong;
And Vinci's Judith still the charger bears;—
There polished Teniers' festive evening wears;
Velasquez' Infant smiles in fadeless youth;
Zampieri's Sibyl lifts the veil of years;
Hobbema's sunlit slopes, and mill-stream smooth,
And Rembrandt's shadowy power, reflect immortal truth!

x.

And more, yet more; the fierce Giotto there, His victim tortured, triumphs in his pain; There Mazzuoli's Vision, bright and fair, From robber-spoilers both escaped again:

value of School Suriel, in vain!

some of St. Brune dies:

of offenned burst their chains

be of the med Trample vise;

over part land blateproachad eyes

The sky;

and the sky;

and the sky;

and the day;

and the by

the large eachs way.

Standard ray.

the large each seed away!

XII.

And thus my heart, when I have ceased to gaze,
Enchanting Florence, on thy fanes sublime,
Will strive to trace the bright, immortal blaze
That rises round thee from the depths of Time!
And though I leave thee for a colder clime;
Still memory's halo, lingering pensively,
Shall steep my soaring visions as they climb;
Till many an aim, wish, feeling, hope shall be
To brighter issues touched by thoughts of thine and thee!



3

MAY-FLOWERS

FOUND AFTER THE LAPSE OF YEARS IN A VOLUME OF "BURNS,"

Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Pocsy,
When I was young.

COLERIDGE,

Memorial frail of youthful years,
Of hopes as wild and bright as they,
Thy faint, sweet perfume calls up tears
I may not, cannot wish away!
Thy withered leaves are as a spell
To bring the sainted past before me;
And long-lost scenes, but loved too well,
In all their truth restore me.

Cold is her hand who placed thee here,
Thou record sad of Love and Spring,
Ere life's May-flowers, like thee, grew sere,
Or Hope had waved her parting wing:
When Boyhood's burning dreams were mine,
And Fancy's magic circlet crowned me;
And Love, when love is half divine,
Spread its enchantments 'round me!

MAY-FLOWERS.

How can I e'er forget the hour

When thou wert glowing on her breast,

Fresh from the dewy hawthorn bower

That looked upon the golden West!

She snatched thee from thy sacred shrine,—

A brighter fate she scarce could doom thee,—

And bade a Poet's wreath be thine,—

His deathless page entomb thee.

That hour is past, those dreams have fled,—
Ties sweeter, holier, bind me now;
And, if life's first May-flowers are dead,
Its summer garland wreathes my brow.
Sleep on, sleep on! I would but gaze
A moment on thy faded bloom;
Heave one wild sigh to other days,
Then close thy hallowed tomb!

FOR EVER THINE.

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide; For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast; Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside, Shall leave us love—till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us; we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and falser hopes decline;
Though bowed by cankering cares, we'll smile at Fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

For ever thine; when circling years have spread Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow; When youth's rich glow, its "purple light," is fled, And lilies bloom where roses flourish now;—

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?—
No; come what will, thy stedfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age,—thine own, for ever thine!

FOR EVER THINE.

For ever thine; at evening's dewy hour,

When gentle hearts to tenderest thought

When balmiest odou meac...losing no

Are breathing rounne,—thine, for ever thin

For ever thine; 'mid Fashion's heartless throng;
In courtly bowers, 't Folly's gilded shrine;

Smiles on my cheek, words upon my tongue,
My deep heart stil so ne,—for ever t ine!

For ever thine; amid the boisterous crowd,
Where the jest sparkles, with the sparkling wine;
I never name thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee, in thought,—for ever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound,—
The depths of love could such rude hearts divine;
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My inmost thoughts are thine,—for ever thine!

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide; For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast; Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside, Shall leave us love,—till life itself be past!

WE MET WHEN HOPE AND LIFE WERE NEW.

We met when hope and life were new,
When all we looked on smiled;—
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments, sweet as wild:
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring;—
The bloom, that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told,—
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controlled,
Its growing strength was shewn:—
The touch, that thrilled us with delight;
The glance, by art untamed;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed.

WE MET WHEN HOPE AND LIFE WE

We parted, chilling looks among;
My inmost soul was bowed;
And blessing | upon my tongue,
I dared no eathe aloud:—

A pensive sn , serene and bland, One thrilli g glance—how vain!

A pressure o y yielding hand;— We never & again!

Yet still a still was in thy name,

Of magic power to me;

That bad me strive for wealth and fame,

To make me worthy thee:

And long through many an after-year,

When boyhood's dream had flown.

With nothing left to hope or fear,

I loved, in silence, on!

More sacred ties, at length, are ours,
As dear as those of yore;
And later joys, like autumn-flowers,
Have bloomed for us once more!
But never canst thou be again,
What once thou wert to me;
I glory in another's chain,
And thou'rt no longer free.

THE FIRST-BORN.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on,—
A prosperous lot is thine;
The brighter that it did not join
The turbid waves of mine;
Yet oh! might fondest love relume
Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
Than I may boast of now!

THE FIRST-BORN.

Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first weak wail
On my 'rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound,
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail;—
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, may'st thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now!



Beautiful and radiant girl!
I have heard of teeth of pearl,
Lips of coral, cheeks of rose,
Necks and brows like drifted snows,
Eyes, as diamonds sparkling bright,
Or the stars of summer's night,

Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail;—
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, may'st thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now!



TO A PORTRAIT.

PAINTED BY THE LATE G. S. NEWTON, ENG., RAL, FROM AN OLD MINIATURE, SAID TO BE OF NELL OWENS.

Beautiful and radiant girl!

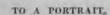
I have heard of teeth of pearl,
Lips of coral, checks of rose,
Necks and brows like drifted snows,
Eyes, as diamonds sparkling bright,
Or the stars of summer's night,

TO A PORTRAIT.

And expression, grace, and soul,
Softly tempering down the whole:
But a form so near divine,
With a face so fair as thine,
And so sunny bright a brow,
Never met my gaze till now:
Thou wert Venus' sister twin,
If this shade be thine—Nell Gwynn!

Cast that carcanet away,
Thou hast need of no display,—
Gems, however rare, to deck
Such an alabaster neck.
Can the brilliant's lustre vie
With the glories of thine eye;
Or the ruby's red compare
With the two lips breathing there?
Can they add a richer glow
To thy beauties? No, sweet, no!
Though thou bear'st the name of one
Whom 'twas virtue once to shun,—
It were sure to taste a sin,
Now to pass thee by—Nell Gwynn.

But they've wronged thee; and I swear + By that brow so dazzling fair,—



By the chastened light that flashes
From thy drooping 'lids' long lashes;
By the deep blue eyes beneath them;
By the clustering curls that wreathe them;
By thy softly blushing check;
By thy lips, that more than speak;
By thy stately, swan-like neck,
Glossy white without a speck;
By thy form, so passing fair,
Modest mien, and graceful air;
"Twas a burning shame and sin,
Sweet, to christen thee Nell Gwynn!

Wreathe for aye thy snowy arms,
Thine can be no wanton's charms!
Like the fawn's, as bright and shy,
Beams thy soft, retiring eye;
No bold invitation's given
From the depths of that blue heaven,
Nor one glance of lightness hid
'Neath its pale, declining 'lid!
No; I'll not believe thy name
Can be aught allied to shame!
Then let them call thee what they will,
I've sworn, and I'll maintain it still,
Despite tradition's idle din,—
Thou art not, canst not be, Nell Gwynn!

RUTH.

Intreat me not to leave thee so, Or turn from following thee; Where'er thou goest I will go, Thy home my home shall be!

The path thou treadest, hear my vow,
By me shall still be trod;
Thy people be my people now;
Thy God shall be my God!

Reft of all else, to thee I cleave,
Content if thou art nigh;
Whene'er thou grievest I will grieve,
And where thou diest, die!

And may the Lord, whose hand hath wrought
This weight of misery,
Afflict me so, and more, if aught
But death part thee and me!



HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

He never said he loved me;

Nor hymned my beauty's praise;
Yet there was something more than words
In his full, ardent gaze:
He never gave his passion voice;
Yet on his flushing cheek,
I read a tale more tender far
Than softest tones could speak!

He never said he loved me;
Yet, when none else were nigh,
How could I hear, and doubt the truth,
His low, unbidden sigh!
The throbs of his tumultuous heart,
That faint, sweet breath above;
What tongue could syllable so well
The tale of hope and love!

HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

He never said he loved me;
To silent worship vowed,
The deep devotion of his soul
He never breathed aloud;—
Though if he raised his voice in song,
As swelled each tenderer tone,
It seemed as if designed to reach
My car and heart alone!

He never said he loved me;
Yet the conviction came,
Like some great truth that stirs the soul
Ere yet it knows its name!
Some angel-whisper of a faith
That long defied our ken,
And made us almost feel that life
Had scarce begun till then!

And have I said I love him;
Alas, for maiden pride,
That feelings he hath ne'er revealed,
I have not learned to hide!
And yet claircoyant Love informs
His votaries' hearts so well,
That long before 'tis time to speak.
There's nothing left to tell!

THEY ARE NO MORE.

ILS NE SONT PLUS!

They are no more, they are no more,
The ardent hopes and visions high,
That filled my glowing heart of yore,
And gave my fancy wings to fly;
The love I thought would never die;
The faith that every doubt forbore;
The stalwart arm and eagle eye;
They are no more, they are no more!

The trusted friends, companions gay,
Who trod with me youth's pleasant road,
Who cheered me on my 'venturous way,
And lightened half the pilgrim's load;
Where are they now? Estranged or dead,
Or wanderers on some distant shore;
By fate impelled, or fancy led,
To me, alas, they are no more!

THEY ARE NO MORE.

And where are now, oh, where are now,
The buoyant step, and lighter heart;
The cordial smile, untroubled brow,
That once were of my life a part?
Warped, withered, chilled by bitter wrong,
My heart's best impulses are o'er;
Even fancy's spells, the power of Song,
They are no more, they are no more!

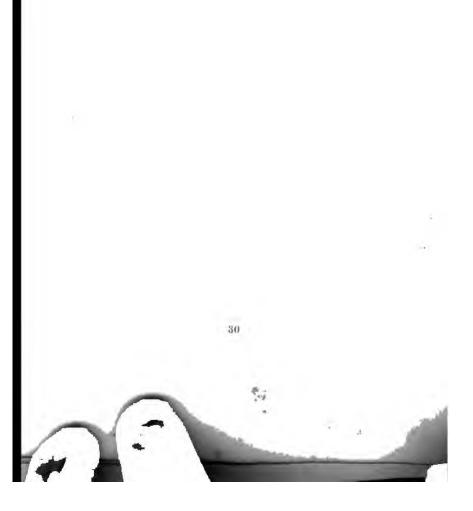
With nothing left to live for here,
I fain would pass in peace away;
My heart and hopes alike grown sere,
Why should I longer here delay;
So that some being of kindred clay,—
Life's wild and fitful fever o'er,—
May of my faults but, sorrowing, say
They are no more, they are no more!



What glorious shapes around me seem to throng, When'er I turn thy sad, eventful page!

and deathles song;

Fall'n as thou art, thy form hath not yet lost
The regal aspect that of old it wore;
Ruined and wronged, discrowned and tempest-tost,
Ghost of the godlike thing thou wert of yore!







ANTERONOMIA DE LA SERVICIO.

Land of heroic deeds and deathless song:
Thou Pharos bright to many a wondering age:
What glorious shapes around me seem to throng.
When'er I turn thy sad, eventful page!

Fall'n as thou art, thy form hath not yet lost
The regal aspect that of old it wore:
Ruined and wronged, discrowned and tempest-tost.
Ghost of the godlike thing thou wert of yore!



A halo rests upon each crumbling fane,
And bathes in light each mountain pinnacle;
And thy broad ocean, and thy battle plain,
Sleep in the twilight of thy glory still!

Though tower and temple, tomb and shrine decay,
Till not a stone remains their tale to tell;
Time cannot wear the eternal hills away,
Nor stay the rivers from their sides that well!

He cannot blot from out thy fading face Platæa's field, the Plain of Marathon; The site of "sea-born Salamis" erase; Or cloud the fame thy dauntless chiefs have won.

Still Jove's Olympus cleaves the upper sky,
And Peneus winds fair Tempe's vale along;
Parnassus lifts his forked head on high,
And Castaly still weeps her tears of song.

There too the Muses' mount, from whose pure breast,
No noxious herb was ever known to spring;
With its twin fountains in their bright unrest,
And murmuring bees for ever on the wing.

And there Hymettus, "flowery hill," looks down On Plato's haunts, the groves of Academe; The immortal city, with her marble crown; And smooth Ilissus' ever devious stream.

And by her guardian Titans circled round,
Its name a spell-word sweet that typifies
Whate'er of peace on earth may yet be found,
Thy verdant vale divine Arcadia lies!

Than war more ruthless, though the Muses' bower, ("The great Emathian conqueror bid spare,")
Hath felt, at length, Time's desolating power,
And lifts its crownless head in "ruin bare;"

He cannot chase the glowing forms from earth
That people still each valley, hill, and stream;
He may not drive from our domestic hearth,
The fond beliefs o'er which we love to dream:

The old traditions; linking many a name
With deeds, even now, that wake a wondering thrill;
With tales of gentle hearts, and souls of flame,
Whose loves and sorrows stir our pity still!

There Lesbian Sappho, from Leucadia's steep,
Darts,—in the deep her burning heart to hide;
There Hero loves her fruitless watch to keep,
With waving torch, by Helle's stormy tide!

And by her rock on Naxos' desert shore,
With streaming eyes, and clasped beseeching hands
Outstretched to one who will return no more,
The fond, too trusting Ariadne stands!

Still Hero's love and faithful sorrow live;
Leander's daring heart and vigorous arm;
Still Sappho's wild, despairing griefs survive
In kindred hearts as erring and as warm.

And many an Ariadne, left to weep O'er broken vows her blighted life away; Her hopeless vigils still is doomed to keep; For faith too deep the forfeit sad to pay.

Beautiful dreams, though sorrowful as sweet, Cold is the creed that would your truth deny; Is woman's deep, devoted love a cheat; Or man's caprice a thing of days gone by?

Land of heroic deeds and deathless song;
Though thou canst never be thyself again;
Though parricidal hands have wrought the wrong
That makes all hope for thee but wild and vain;

Till Valour, Wisdom, Genius, Liberty,
Stars of this nether sphere, have ceased to shine;
Thy sacred name the trumpet-call shall be;
To wake ennobling thoughts of thee and thine!





WRITTEN ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY;
UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES OF GREAT MENTAL DEPRESSION.

Tell me not a radiant morrow

Follows oft the gloomiest night;

That the darkest cloud of sorrow

Sometimes hides a world of light;

If the heart hath long been pining,

Faint and sick with hope's delay,

And the star above us shining,

Veils from earth its guiding ray.

Evil days have overtaken,
With their storm-charged clouds my way;
And my soul, till now unshaken,
Shrinks within its coil of clay:
Even the Muse,—invoked not often,
Save to soothe the spirit's wrong,
Pride to tame, or grief to soften,—
Half withholds the power of Song!

Foul Oppression, fiercer, stronger,
That her step I strove to stay,
Till my feeble arm no longer
Might her trampling hoofs delay,—
Treads me down: no more my trust is
In my buoyant faith of old;
What can Reason, Truth, or Justice,
'Gainst the giant might of gold!

Stormy skies are lowering o'er me;
Raging billows gird me round;
And the gloom that spreads before me
Grows but more and more profound:
Not a beacon-light is left me,
To my distant port a clew;
Fate, at one fell swoop, hath reft me
Of both chart and compass too!

Like a gallant ship succumbing,
That no more obeys her helm,
Bide I now the tenth wave coming,
With its mandate to o'erwhelm:
O'er my hopes, a clean breach making,
Sweeps that flood of wrack and wrong;
Rending stays, and bulwarks breaking,
Which I once believed so strong!





Whilst upon the scene of ruin,
From his covert safe on high,
On the storm his work is doing,
Glares the Wrecker's baleful eye!
As the stout ship goes to pieces,
Torn each stalwart limb from limb,
How his sordid joy increases,
If some fragment drifts to him!

Once, of old, my glad way winning,
Youth and Hope both led me on;
Now, once more the world beginning,
Hope and Youth alike are gone:
Sad Experience, bought how dearly,
Cruel, seldom to be kind;
Like the stern-light, shows too clearly
But the track we leave behind!

Friends with whom in youth I started
On life's first adventurous way,
Once so warm and genial-hearted,
One by one have dropped away!
Some, earth's vain turmoil exchanging
For the land that knows no wrong;
Others Fortune's smiles estranging
From the weak, when they grew strong!

Summer friends, like swallows trooping,
Come when sunshine warms the heart,
But at winter's advent drooping,
For less chilling skies depart:
Foes, like stormy petrels flocking
'Round the doomed and labouring bark,
Deepening woe, misfortune mocking,
Come when heaven is wild and dark!

Many a year, ambition dulling,
Irksome labour claimed my pen:
At the oar incessant pulling
'Mid the stir and strife of men!
From more calm pursuits diverted
To a task I plied in vain,
Tastes abandoned, haunts deserted,
Which, though late, I seek again!

Long Fate's adverse current cleaving.
With a bold and sturdy stroke,
Hoping still, and still believing,
Did I bear that galling yoke!
Day and night, not seldom, toiling,
Wanting that which sweetens toil:
Life of half its joys despoiling,
Bartering peace for wild turmoil!

Manhood's vigorous prime exhausted;
All the flowering years of life;
Health impaired, acquirements wasted
In that long and fruitless strife;
Just as Fortune's tide was turning,
And my respite all but won;
For the hard-carned haven yearning,
But for others' sakes alone;

Lawless Rapine, hundred-handed,
Sordid, cunning, bold, and strong,
With her base familiars banded,
Falschood, Fraud, Revenge, and Wrong;
Of that poor reward bereft me;
Swept my household Gods away;
Ravaged even my hearth, and left me,
Save in heaven, no single stay!

But the great and just Redresser,
(Who may 'scape unscathed His frown,)
That can strike the rich oppressor
In his rampant triumph down;
May vouchsafe me His protection,
Sweeten even this bitter cup;
And from "profitless dejection"
Lift my trampled spirit up!





Sweeten even this bitter cup;
And from "profitless dejection"
Lift my trampled spirit up!



It is a mystic circle that surrounds Comforts and virtues never known beyond Its hallowed limit.

SOUTHEY.

Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,





I while the wintry eve away,
"T wixt book and lute the hours divide:
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fire-side!

My own fire-side! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies.
My own—my own fire-side!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small, white hand is clasped in mine:
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine:
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine.
Than thou—my own fire-side!

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;—

To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth;
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fire-side!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there;
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife, or Pride,
Hath never made its hated lair,
By thee—my own fire-side!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the world's proud fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fire-side!

Shrine of my household deities;
Bright scene of home's unsulfied joys;
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys!



Thine is the bliss that never cloys;

The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys,

To thee—my own fire-side!

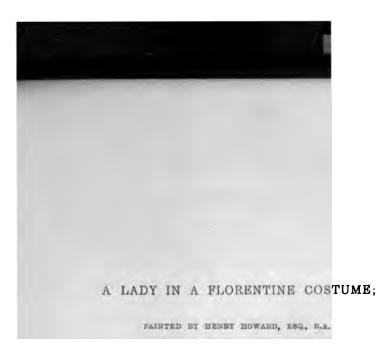
Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,

That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet

To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,

Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,

My own—my own fire-side!



Art thou some vision of the olden time;
Some glowing type of beauty, faded long;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime,
Renowned for sunshine, chivalry, and song!

Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain

The love-lorn 'plainings of his matchless lyre;

Was thine the frown that chilled him with disdain,—

Crushed his wild hopes, and quenched his minstrel fire!

Or art thou she for whom young Guido pined; Whom Raffaelle saw in his impassioned dream; The ray that flashed, in slumber, on his mind, And o'er his canvas shed so bright a beam?

No, no;—a masquer in its gay attire,

A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace;—

Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire,

With more than all their sweetness in thy face.



A LADY IN A FLORENTINE COSTUME.

I see thee stand, in beauty's richest bloom,—
In youth's first budding spring,—before me now;
A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
Tempering the brightness of thy jewelled brow!

Thy dark hair clustering 'round thy pensive face, Like shadowy clouds about a summer-moon; Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace; Thy cheek soft blushing like the rose in June.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
Whose chastened light bespeaks the soul within;
Lips full of sweetness; maiden modesty,
That awes the bosoms it hath deigned to win.

There stand for aye; defying Time or Care
To make thee seem less beautiful than now;
Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,
Nor grief indent thy pure and polished brow.

Whilst unto her from whom those lines had birth,
A briefer span but brighter doom is given;
To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
And only know immortal bloom in heaven.



NOW MRS. SOUTHEY.

I know thee only in thy page
Of simplest truth, by taste refined;—
But though I ne'er have seen thy face,
Not seldom, do I love to trace
The features of thy mind!

Pure as the calm, sequestered stream,

That winds its way through flowers and fern;

Now gliding here, now wandering there,

Diffusing coolness everywhere,

Refreshing all in turn:—

So do thy strains, serene and sweet,
Well from their calm, untroubled shrine;
Winning their way from heart to heart,
And healing many a mourner's smart,
With balsam, half divine!

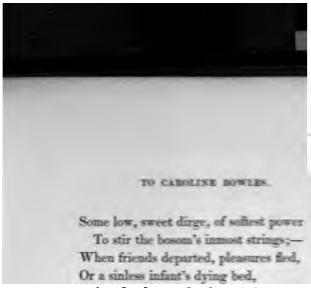
TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

What though I ne'er have clasped thy hand,
I see thee oft in Fancy's glass;
"Edwin" and "Ranger" in thy train,
Pacing across the village plain,
The "Broken Bridge" to pass.

And mark thy devious footsteps threading
The "Churchyard's" green and grassy rise;
Now, stopping by some fresh-made grave,
News of the timeless dead to crave,
To make the living wise.

Or by the "open casement sitting,"
With "autumn's latest flowers" before thee;
Drinking thy "Birdie's" merry notes,
Or tracking the sun as he proudly floats
To his haven of rest and glory.

And when grey Twilight weaves her web,
And the sounds of day-life melt away;
In thy "garden-plot" I see thee stand,
Watching the "night-stock's" leaves expand,
Or framing some soothing lay.



Are the themes thy fancy brings.

Oh! much I love to steal away From garish strains, that mock my heart:

To steep my soul in lays like thine.

And pause o'er each wildly-witching line.

Till my tears, unbidden, start.

For thou hast ever been to me
A gentle monitor and friend:

And I have gathered from thy song.

Thoughts full of balm for grief and wrong.

That solace while they mend.

Hence, have I sought in simple phrase.

To give my gratitude a tongue:
And if one stricken heart I bring.
For comfort, to the self-same spring,
Not vainly have I sung.



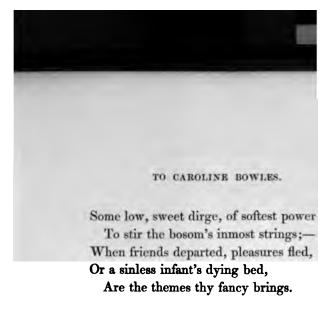
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A WITHERED ROSE.

Adieu! We ne'er may meet on earth,
Yet I feel I know thee passing well;—
And when a pensive face I see,
Fair as my cherished thoughts of thee,
I'll deem it thine—FAREWELL!

A WITHERED ROSE.

IN A VOLUME OF UNPUBLISHED POEMS, BY MISS G F. ROSS.

Nay, do not touch that faded flower,
Albeit both scent and hue have flown,
For it may still retain a power
Some gentle heart may joy to own:
Hidden beneath each withered leaf,
A chastening spell, to memory dear;
May yield that burthened heart relief,
When Hope itself is sere.

There let it lie, 'mid records sweet,

By feeling prompted, genius graced;

Type of their fate, memorial meet

Of "young affections run to waste!"

Left on their stem—how fugitive—

Those cherished leaves had soon been shed;

But thus embalmed, will seem to live,

Till Memory's self be dead!



Sail up the sapphire skies of June!



The air around was breathing balm;
The aspen scarcely seemed to sway;
And, as a sleeping infant calm,
The river flowed away,
Devious as error, deep as love,
And blue and bright as heaven above!

Steeped in a flood of golden light,—
Type of that hour of deep repose,—
In wan, wild beauty on my sight,
Thy time-worn tower arose,—
Brightening above the wreck of years,
Like Faith amid a world of fears.

I climbed its dark and dizzy stair,
And gained its ivy-mantled brow;
But broken—ruined—who may dare
Ascend that pathway now?
Life was an upward journey then;
When shall my spirit mount again!

The steps in youth I loved to tread,
Have sunk beneath the foot of Time;
Like them the daring hopes that led
Me, once, to heights sublime,
Ambition's dazzling dreams are o'er,
And I may scale those heights no more!



The echoes of its vaults are eloquent;
The stones have voices, and the walls do live;
It is the house of Memory!

MATURIN.

Long years have passed since last I strayed,
In boyhood, through thy roofless aisle,
And watched the mists of eve o'ershade
Day's latest, loveliest smile;
And saw the bright, broad, moving moon
Sail up the sapphire skies of June!



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The aspen scarcely seemed to sway;
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Devious as error, deep as love,
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And years have fled, and now I stand
Once more beside thy shattered fane,
Nerveless alike in heart and hand,
How changed by grief and pain,
Since last I loitered here, and deemed
Life was the fairy thing it seemed!

And gazing on thy crumbling walls,
What visions meet my mental eye;
For every stone of thine recalls
Some trace of years gone by;
Some cherished bliss, too frail to last,
Some hope decayed, or passion past!

Ay, thoughts come thronging on my soul,
Of sunny youth's delightful morn;
When free from Sorrow's dark control,
By pining Care unworn,—
Dreaming of Fame, and Fortune's smile,
I lingered in thy ruined aisle!

How many a wild and withering woe
Hath seared my trusting heart since then;
What clouds of blight, consuming slow
The springs that life sustain,—
Have o'er my world-vexed spirit past,
Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last!



How bright is every scene beheld
In youth and hope's unclouded hours;
How darkly, youth and hope dispelled,
The loveliest prospect lowers:
Thou wert a splendid vision then;—
When wilt thou seem so bright again!

Yet still thy turrets drink the light
Of summer evening's softest ray,
And ivy garlands, green and bright,
Still mantle thy decay;
And calm and beauteous as of old,
Thy wandering river glides in gold.

But life's gay morn of ecstasy,

That made thee seem so passing fair,—
The aspirations wild and high,

The soul to nobly dare,—
Oh, where are they, stern ruin, say?—
Thou dost but echo—where are they!

Adicu!—Be still to other hearts
What thou wert long ago to mine;
And when the blissful dream departs,
Do thou a beacon shine,
To guide the mourner, through his tears,
To the blest scenes of happier years.

THE SILENT TOAST.

Farewell!—I ask no prouder boon,

Than that my parting hour may be
Bright as the evening skies of June;—

Thus, thus to fade like thee,
With heavenly Faith's soul-cheering ray
To gild with glory my decay!

THE SILENT TOAST.

Health to ONE whose cherished name,
'Twere a mockery here to tell;

Jocund friends forbear to blame,
If I keep my secret well!

Not when revelry grows loud,
And the jest and song abound,—
To a holier worship vowed,—
Would I whisper such a sound!

'Tis not incense offered to her,
In my hours of heartless mirth;
But a homage deeper, truer,
That may best beseem her worth;
Yet the toast I will not pass,
In my heart of hearts I'll think it;—
Fill me then a brimming glass,
And to her i love I'll drink it!



But when returned the youth? The youth no more Returned exulting to his native shore; But forty years were past, and then there came A worn-out man.

CRABBE.

The haunts of my boyhood are gleaming around me,
All bright in the sunshine that graced them of yore;
But where are the heart-cherished hopes that have bound me
Through the changes of years to this fondly loved shore?
Can the riches of earth, that like curses surround me,
Life's young dream of delight to my longings restore!

The same summer landscape beside me is smiling;
The same summer occan before me is spread;
All transparent as truth, and in peace as beguiling,
As when first from these shores o'er its waters I sped;
My lorn heart from each home-nurtured vision exiling,
To return when the hopes that were fairest had fled.

Accursed be the fatal ambition that bore me
From you vale of repose and its transports untold;
Accursed the dark spell that so long lingered o'er me,
And detained me from bliss, though with fetters of gold:
Can my dearly-earned wealth for one moment restore me
The feelings and thoughts that enchanted of old!

But a few painful years,—so I thought in my sorrow,—
And my spirit shall break so degrading a chain;
Yet another, one more, from life's sunshine I'll borrow,
Then seek the green haunts of my childhood again:
Seasons waned, wealth increased, still I spake of the morrow;
Now the bubble hath burst, and I seek them in vain!

Though the tears when our last parting moments were fleeting. And my bark had unfurled her white wings in the bay, Were heart-rending and wild, and unwelcome the greeting. That called me from home's calm enjoyments away,—

Far keener my anguish, more bitter my meeting. With the friends who are waiting to clasp me to-day!

The willow I planted, meek mourner, is drooping
Its silver-green boughs you bright streamlet beside;—
What a host of sad thoughts on my memory is trooping,
Of joys that have withered, and hopes that have died,
As I turn from that tree, in humility stooping,
To my stubborner dreams of ambition and pride!



Every bush with a burst of wild music is ringing;
Not a breath but is loaded with odours divine;
In the old trysting-thorn its lone blackbird is singing
A descant of grief o'er the day-star's decline;
And the lark to her nest in the clover is winging
Her way, with a heart how much lighter than mine!

There the old village church in the radiance is burning,
With its tall chancel-window all flashing with fire;
And its glossy green ivy, sun chequered, is turning
To gold, as of yore, but seems broader and higher:
Oh, would that MY heart, for calm happiness yearning,
Thus had learned in the precincts of peace to aspire!

What a brood of fond thoughts to my heart-strings are clinging;
In each tree, each grey stone, some sad record I see;
Not a breath o'er you low garden wall but is flinging
A perfume abroad that is vocal to me:
Not a sight, not a sound, not a scent but is bringing
Some vision of bliss that no longer may be.

'Neath the roof-tree I stand that o'ershadows the dwelling
That once shielded my childhood from sorrow and sin;
With what breathless emotion my bosom is swelling,
Now the haven is gained I've so panted to win;

All without is the same; but low whispers are telling
Of the heart-wringing changes that 'wait me within!

Ay, wild is my grief as I gaze on my mother,
In the tears of her dotage decrepid and weak;
As I shrink from the time-wrinkled brow of my brother,
My sister's sad smile, and her care-stricken check;—
Then look round for the welcome and kiss of another;
'Till a glance hathrevealed more than language can speak!

Scarce a blessing remains but is darkened or faded;
Scarce a friend of my youth but is dead or estranged;
Not a vision of hope my fond fancy had braided,
But some bliss-blighting chance hath destroyed or derange
Not a promise of joy, but some sorrow has shaded;
Not a dear one is left, save in spirit, unchanged.

Wealth and honours are mine: but can riches secure me
The sinless enjoyments of days that are gone;
Can the phantom of Fame that from home could allure me,
For the blessings I've bartered to gain it atone?
Fatal gifts, in my anguish of soul I abjure ye;
All that sweetened and brightened existence is gone!



The air around was breathing balm;
The aspen scarcely seemed to sway;
And, as a sleeping infant calm,
The river flowed away,
Devious as error, deep as love,
And blue and bright as heaven above!

Steeped in a flood of golden light,—
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Hath seared my trusting heart since then;
What clouds of blight, consuming slow
The springs that life sustain,—
Have o'er my world-vexed spirit past,
Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last!



THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy
feeble cries;—

For I thought of all that I had borne, as I bent me down to kiss

Thy cherry lips, and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss!

I formed to many a withered hope, to years of greet end personal the greet wrongs of a latter world flashed who my builing brains.

I thought of friends grown worse than cold, of personating foos.

And I asked of Hearts if illedike these most test the yearth's reposed.

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more!

And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed at thy birth,—

They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things of earth!



THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though brief thy span below,

To me it was a little age of agony and woe;

For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began to fade,

And my lips had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh, the child in its hours of health and bloom that is dear as thou wert then,

Grows far more prized, more fondly loved, in sickness and in pain;

And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,

Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee, day by day,

Pale like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste away;

And, sick with dark foreboding fears we dared not breathe aloud,

Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud!

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

It came at length;—o'er thy bright blue eye the film was gathering fast,—

And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deepest and the last;—

In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy drooping head;—

A moment more—the final pang-and thou wert of the dead!

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,

And murmured low of Heaven's behests, and bliss attained by thee;—

She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as thine,

Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine infant brow

Culled one soft lock of radiant hair, our only solace now;

Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers, not more fair and sweet,—

Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

- Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,
- With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy brow,—
- They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurst; They may be lovely and beloved, but not, like thee, the FIRST!
- The FIRST! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring,
- Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's delightful spring;—
- Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss
- That germinate in hearts unsered by such a world as this!
- My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my First!
- When I think of what thou might'st have been, my heart is like to burst;
- But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance dart,
- And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to what thou art!



THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,

With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth, God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,

And bliss, eternal bliss, is thine, my Fairest and my First!

THE WHARFE REVISITED.

Yet once again, bright river, once again,
I come to tread thy wild and winding shore!
What blissful moments, and what hours of pain,
Hath my soul numbered, since the Muses' lore
Last on thy banks I conned. But not in vain
Hath life for me its chequered page unrolled
Of varied grief and joy; I now behold
Its shifting scenes, and Iris-tinted train,
With calmer eye, and less impassioned heart:
True, I have seen full many a hope decay,
And cherished visions like thy waves depart;
Yet other dreams, as fair perchance as they,
Unto my world-worn spirit have been given,
Filled, like thy radiant face, with hues of light from heaven!

WE PLIGHTED VOWS TOGETHER!

We plighted vows together,
When all Nature 'round looked gay,
In the bright and genial weather
Of the merry month of May;
When the buds had opened into flower,
The cuckoo taken wing,
To herald, with her voice of power,
To other lands the Spring!

We plighted vows together,
When earth wore her richest green,
On the birch-tree's silvery feather
When a deeper shade was seen;
The laburnum, spendthrift of our bower,
Its gold had dropped around;
And the hawthorn blossom's snowy shower
Was whitening all the ground!



WE PLIGHTED VOWS TOGETHER!

When we plighted vows together,
May was melting into June,
And the smiles of that bright weather
Taught the brook a lower tune;
Whose music though it soothed mine ear,
And bade my soul rejoice,
Was not so silver-sweet and clear
As the heart-tones of thy voice!

When we plighted vows together,
Scarce a sound beside was heard,
Through the far and cloudless ether,
Save the carol of a bird;
Or the honey-bee's glad humming,
As she bore her sweets away;
For she knew 'twas summer coming,
And like all the world was gay!

When we plighted vows together,
No sad future met our ken,
For we thought that sunny weather
Would always smile as then;
And, that if May gave way to June,
Those laughing skies would last:
Alas! how darkly, and how soon,
Our heaven was overcast!

WE PLIGHTED VOWS TOGETHER!

Since we plighted vows together,
In the merry month of May,
Oh, how stormy wild the weather
That has crossed our onward way!
Spring, Summer, Autumn, all are gone,
With their chequered gloom and glow;
Yet, far off the goal in fancy won
So many years ago!

The faith we pledged together
Has known nor chill nor change,
And wedlock's silken tether
Has brought no wish to range;
For our hearts are warm as when of old,
Love's trysting bower within,
Our guileless passion to unfold,
We never deemed a sin!

Since we trod life's path together,
What wild changes have we known;
Hopes, that blossomed but to wither,
Joys, unheeded, all, till flown!
But can Winter freeze love's genial spring,
In hearts like ours that flows?
No; let him come, so he but bring
His wisdom with his snows!

Thus in this calm retreat so richly fraught With mental light and luxury of thought, His life steals on.

'Tis the "leafy month of June," And the faintly glimmering moon, In the East her cresset rearing, Shows that summer's eve is wearing; NA THEORY OF STREET

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But the Sun is lingering still
O'er the old accustomed hill;
Twilight's shadows hovering 'round him,
Like a king, when foes surround him,
Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die!
See, the parting god of day
Leaves a trail upon his way,
Like the memory of the dead
When the sainted soul hath fled;
And it chequers all the skies
With its bright, innumerous dyes!

Not a sound disturbs the hush,
Save the silver streamlet's gush,
As it leaps, with many a bound,
From the depth of shades profound;
Now through tangled brushwood straying,
Now o'er velvet moss delaying,
But, while seeming most to stay,
Gliding fast as bliss away:
Cooling zephyrs bathe the brow,
With delicious fragrance now;
Incense sweet from many a bower,
Odours from each closing flower,
Breathed from yon sequestered vale,
O'er the charmed sense prevail,

Till the pulse forgets to move, And the heart is drunk with love!

Where you white clematis flings Far and wide its starry rings, Where the graceful jasmine's braid Makes a green, eye-soothing shade, And their shoots united rove High the trellised porch above, Deep embowered from vulgar ken, Seek we now a Poet's Den! Knock; no pampered menial there, Rising from his cushioned chair, With a supercilious eye, Will measure your gentility; And, if strange to rank and state, Entrance bar, or bid you wait; For the gentlest tap may win Him you seek to let you in, If for gentle deeds your name Homage of his heart may claim: Though Ambition's gorgeous train, Welcome there may seek in vain; And full-blown Pride, whate'er her store, There, never finds an open door; Though Fortune seldom roams that way, And ne'er can be beguiled to stay,



And Wisdom, and her sister Reason,
Are visitors but once a season;
Yet Genius, with his laurel crown,
Not seldom quits the madding town,
Sick of its tumult, dust, and glare,
To breathe a little country air;
And there, with Taste his guide, alights
To set his ruffled wings to rights;—
Content, until he soars anew,
There to find "audience meet though few."

Yes, it is sweet, from care and toil, The busy Babel's wild turmoil, The hollow and obstreperous crowd, Its Io Paans long and loud, Its worthless idols, worshipped, 'till Deposed by idols baser still,-To steal away, and taste the bliss Of quiet, in a nook like this! With all that can to earth endear one, And only kindred spirits near one; All that to life enjoyment lends, Books, leisure, health, and cherished friends: With nothing in the world to do, But range you ample garden through, Or loiter in the chequered shade, By these wide-spreading branches made;



Suspend the dripping oar, and dream,
Hour after hour, on yonder stream,
That winds its flowery meads among,
Radiant as Hope, when Hope was young,
With all the rainbow colours rife
That sometimes make a heaven of life.
But bend your head, and pass between
Yon climbing jasmine's tendrils green;
Put thoughts of grandeur and of pride,
With its intrusive boughs aside,
And, each sublimer fancy quelling,
Enter a Poet's humble dwelling;
Nor start, if 'neath that roof you find
Some tokens of his heart and mind!

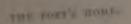
Bright confusion revels there,
And seldom had a realm more fair:
'Tis a wilderness of mind,
Redolent of tastes refined;
Tomes of wild, romantic lore,
Culled from Fancy's richest store;
(Caskets full of gems sublime
From the teeming sea of Time;)
Poets, Fame herself hath crowned,
People all the walls around:
Homer's Tale of Troy divine;
Rough old Chaucer's racy line;

Sweetest Spenser's honied rhymes; Shakspere's "mirror for all times;" Stately Milton's lofty hymn Of embattled Seraphim; Dryden's flood, that sweeps along Like a river broad and strong; Polished Pope's melodious wit, As summer lightning keen and bright; Records of "sweet Auburn's" fate, Her primal bliss and ruined state, That 'round her blighted bowers have thrown A halo courts have never known, And made her name the cherished theme, Of many an exiled wanderer's dream; Pensive Collins' silvery lay; Thoughts that breathe of forceful Gray; Ayr's proud peasant's words of flame, (Scotland's glory and her shame!) He who sang the fireside bright, Of the cotter's winter night, And the suppliant group that raise To heaven their notes of prayer and praise, With that deep and fervent zeal, Lowly hearts alone can feel.

Mystic fragments strew the ground, Like the oracles profound

Of the Delphic prophetess, And as difficult to guess! Crystal vases filled with flowers Fresh from evening's dewy bowers: Knots of ribbon, locks of hair, Love-gifts from his lady fair; Violets, blue as are the eyes That awake his softest sighs, And reward his love-sick lays With their smiles of more than praise: Here, a broken, stringless lute: There, a masquer's antic suit; Fencing foils, a Moorish brand, Trophies strange from many a land. Memory's lights to many a scene Where his roving steps have been: Armour bright of one who bore Chivalry's tried lance of vore: Breast-plate rich, and shield of price. Veined with many a quaint device, Sword of proof, and mailed glove. With the crested helm above: And many a pictured form of grace, Many a sweet but pensive face, Stamped in Beauty's richest bloom, Sheds its halo through the room;

Like the smile of primal Light, Making even Chaos bright! Raffaelle's more than mortal grace; Guido's sad, imploring face; Dolce's Man of many woes; Claude's surpassing bright Repose; Stothard's woodland groups that seem Emanations of a dream; Such as sweetest Una, when "Compassed 'round by savage men;" Or the "Lady" pure as fair, Who left unharmed the "enchanted Chair;" Howard's elfin forms that rise With the rainbow to the skies, In the "plighted clouds that play" Through the livelong summer day; Or with fair Sabrina, come From her coral palace home, 'Neath the "cool translucent wave," Innocence from guile to save; Or with printless, flying feet, When, by moonlight, fairies meet, Tripping o'er the ribbed sea sand At the elfin queen's command, As the swift waves ebb and flow, Dancing, glancing, to and fro.





THE PART'S HOME.

Life-tie stule of penual Lipter Make Charles Mindianal's woodless Emanations of a diversi Such as sweetest "Companied 'round by Or the "Lady" pure as full, Who left unharmed the Howard's clfin forms the With the rainbow to the shine Through the livelence rooms To with fair Salvana, mine Town her caral palars home. and translatered Who by moonly Tripping o'er the ribbed are small

As the swift waves ebb and flow, Dancing, glancing, to and fro.



Mark those infant twins that kneel, Side by side, in joint appeal To their Father, throned on high, And with song would glorify His exceeding Grace, that they Have been spared another day!

Who can look on them, nor deem Heaven the fittest home for them! Purest of created things, Wanting only angel-wings, To put off earth's coil and rise Into worlds beyond the skies, Hallelujahs there to sing Worthy Heaven's eternal King! Hark! the Saviour seems to say, Suffer, nor forbid that they Come where I have led the way! Peril not their lasting bliss, For of such my kingdom is! Oh! if innocence so young, Heart unschooled, and simple tongue, To the bliss may thus attain Which so many seek in vain; What, with all their learned lore, Can earth's wise ones hope for more!

Lo! where you uplifted eyes Seem to commune with the skies, And rebuke all human passion With their silent adoration; Penitential tears revealing All the bruised heart is feeling!

Not in vain that heart is riven, She repents, and is forgiven! See that Virgin Mother mild, Bending o'er her radiant child, With affection so intense It absorbs each other sense: And, half unmindful of his birth, She loves him like a thing of earth: Till the light around him streaming, Straight dispels her low-born dreaming! Would you learn to suffer? Bow To you thorn-encircled brow! Can earth's common griefs compare With the woe depicted there; Or its keenest tortures vie With that mortal agony? Bow the head, and bend the knee, Such the anguish borne for thee! Look upon that sunset ocean, With its undulating motion, 'Neath the flood of radiance glowing, And with scarce a murmur flowing: Not a ripple but grows bright, In its own peculiar light; Not a tree or ruin hoary, But puts on its garb of glory;

Not a ship or headland bold, But is steeped in burnished gold!

Look! A garden trim, and fair, Exuding on the pearly air, Subtle odours that dispense Vigour to each drooping sense, And can bid the soul uprise Like the lark into the skies! There, no dreadful Dragon keeps Watch and ward, and never sleeps; Nor are you luxuriant trees, Guarded by the Hesperides: But a band, perchance as fair, Pleasure-bound, are loitering there, Plucking now a flower, or fruit, Training now some vagrant shoot; Here o'er dew-charged roses bending, There a broken lily tending; And, on tip-toe, striving now To bring down the richest bough; Which, as old-world sages teach, Always grows beyond the reach.

Look again! A woodland scene, And 'neath its umbrageous screen, Where the sun's leaf-mellowed light Falls attempered on the sight,

Like wind-troubled flowers that bend Wheresoe'er the breeze may tend, Swaying hard, or stooping there, To each impulse of the air, Gay and graceful forms advance, Mingling in the mazy dance! All as light of heart as though Death could never lay them low!

By the open lattice sitting, Fevered dreams of beauty flitting O'er his heart and o'er his brain, In one bright, unbroken chain; Drinking deep, through every sense, Draughts of pleasure too intense; Mark the Poet's glistening eye, Wandering now o'er earth and sky! 'Tis a blissful hour to him. Slave of feeling, child of whim, Builder of the lofty rhyme, Bard, Musician, Painter, Mime; Ever swayed by impulse strong, Each by turns, but nothing long! Still in search of idle toys, Pining after fancied joys; All that charmed his heart and eye, Sought—possessed—and then thrown by!

Doomed on shadows thus to brood, Whilst life's more substantial good, All that wiser bosoms prize, Fades like day from yonder skies.







THE SLEEPING CUPID OF GUIDO.

A SKETCH FROM THE WELL KNOWN PICTURE IN THE GALLERY OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

ı.

'Tis summer's softest eve; the winds are laid,
The jarring sounds of day-life are at rest,
And all is calm and soothing; not a shade
Mars the blue beauty of the skies: the west,
Gathering its hues of splendour from the crest
Of yonder setting sun, is changing fast
From sapphire to bright gold; old ocean's breast
Is one broad plain without a cloud o'ercast:
'Tis day's divinest hour, its loveliest, and its last.

11.

Tired of his sport, the wreck of human hearts, There, on his mother's couch in slumber bound, The God of Love reclines;—his idle darts, Those ministers of woe, lie scattered 'round: But that he guards, amid his dreams profound,

THE SLEEPING CUPID OF GUIDO.

With so much jealous care, his unstrung Bow,
Ilow might we now his vaunted strength confound;
From his own quiver pay the debt we owe,
And, with one keen, bright shaft, pierce our unconscious foe!

111.

But who would wound a breast so passing fair!
Look! in immortal beauty where he lies:
His flushed cheek pillowed on his hand; his hair
Clustering, like sun-touched clouds in summer skies,
Around his glorious brow;—his twice-sealed eyes
With silken-fringed lids, like flowers that close
Their dewy cups at eve;—and lips whose dyes
Rival the crimson of the damask rose,
Wreathed with a thousand charms, all sweetness and repose.

IV.

Hush! for a footfall may disturb his sleep;
Hush even your breathing, for a breath may break
His visioned trance! But no, 'tis deep, most deep;
The last low sigh of evening fans his cheek,
And stirs his golden curls; the last bright streak
Of parting day is fading from the west;
Dim clouds are gathering round you mountain's peak,
Yet still he sleeps; and his soft-heaving breast,
Bright wings, brow, lips, and eyes, are redolent of rest.

THE SLEEPING CUPID OF GUIDO.

v.

Love, O young Love, how beautiful thou art!
The brightest dream that ever poet feigned
May scarce compare with thee! What though thy dart
The blood of many a gentle breast hath stained;
What though thy godlike powers thou hast profaned,
And proved to some an evil deity;
Yet, in thy softer moods, hast thou sustained
Full many a sinking heart, and thoughts of thee
Have often stilled the waves of this life's stormy sea!

VI.

Thou art, indeed, omnipotent—divine!
And the wide world is vocal with thy name:
Princes and peasants bow before thy shrine;
Whilst gentle Woman, in all lands the same,
For good or evil, oftenest swells thy fame!
Noble and serf, the despot and the slave,
(For even the slave, if Love his homage claim,
May wear a double chain), thy shafts must brave,
And own thy mighty power to ruin or to save!



THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

When the lightnings flash on high,
And deep thunders rend the sky;
When the frantic hurricane
Makes all human efforts vain;
When the mighty ship is driven,
Tempest tossed, from earth to heaven,
And, reeling then beneath the blow,
Dives deep to ocean-caves below;—

THE FISH: RMAN ...

Thou the Fisher
Safely elective rag
Star of the Sea
All glory to we at
Shape with all the county
Have he stronger
So in heath by
Other appear of a record
For the came of
Charles of the county
Charles of the came of
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Charles of the came of
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Charles of
Charle

Bade them be of steadfast cheer, And nor blast nor billow fear; Holiest Mother, Virgin fair, Make my fragile bark thy care:



THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN TO THE VIR

Thou the Fisher's bark can'st guide Safely o'er the raging tide! Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee, All glory now and ever be! Ships with all their bravery on Have in stormless seas gone down; Some, 'neath War's torpedo shocks, Others, pierced by hidden rocks, Have their timbers opened wide To the calm but treacherous tide; One, in Port that rode supine, Disappeared, and made no sign; Whilst the Fisher's bark will ride Safely o'er the fitful tide: Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee, All glory now and ever be! For His blessed sake, who chose, As his prime disciples, those Who upon the mighty deep Once the Fisher's watch would keep. But became, with purer ken, Fishers of their fellow men;-Bade them be of steadfast cheer, And nor blast nor billow fear; Holiest Mother, Virgin fair, Make my fragile bark thy care:



THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee, All glory now and ever be! For His blessed sake, whose will Winds and waves at once could still, And the labouring bark transport Straightway to her destined port; To her trembling crew, who said, "It is I, be not afraid;" And when Peter trod the wave, Stretched his gracious hand to save; Holiest Mother, Virgin fair, Make this little bark thy care! Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee, All glory now and ever be! For H1s sake who fishers three Up the Mountain led, that He Might unto their favoured eyes Prove His mission from the skies: And in raiment, dazzling white, Stood before their wondering sight, Bidding them reveal to men What no eye had marked till then; Holiest Mother, Virgin fair, Make the Fisher's bark thy care! Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee, All glory now and ever be!

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of spring skies in their noontide array;
Whose every soft feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day:

lory now and sain but Winds and waves a seed a And the labour when Peter in the

> Holiest Mother, Virgin fair, Make the Fisher's bark thy care! Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee, All glory now and ever be!

5.



THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

By all the sweet saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of spring skies in their noontide array;
Whose every soft feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day:



THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace;
Whose innocent heart, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshrouds;
With a black, regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow like the moon breaking forth from the clouds:

With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay a look, will awaken its sighs;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,
When my soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I quaff is a bumper to Fanny!

But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

- "And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,
 That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;
 When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather;
 I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both!
- "But since I must fix or on black eyes or blue, Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse; Pr'ythee Venus, instruct me that course to pursue Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose!"

Thus murmured a Bard,—predetermined to marry;
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place.

So, trusting that 'Fortune would favour the brave,'
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay;
Lively Fanny declared he was somewhat too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a little too gay!



KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

The following verses are founded on a striking passage in the life of Pedro I. of Portugal, the husband of the fair, but ill-starred Inex de Castro. One of the first acts of Don Pedro, after his accession to the throne of Portugal, was to compel the King of Castile to deliver over to his vengeance the murderers of his wife, who, on the death of his father, Alfonso, had fied to the Spanish court for protection. On the day on which the prisoners, with their escort, were expected at Santarem, the King commanded a stupendous funeral pile to be erected upon the plain without the city, and a splendid banquet to be spread beside it. On the arrival of the cavalcade from Castile, the pyre was kindled, and, after addressing to the murderers a few words of eloquent invective, in reply to their earnest supplications for mercy, he directed them to be cast into the flames; whilst he and his assembled nobles sat down to the magnificent banquet that had been prepared for them. In the royal mausoleum of the monastery of Alcobaça are the tombs of Pedro and Inez. The sarcophagus of the King is surmounted by a recumbent effigy, which represents him with a severe countenance, in the act of drawing his sword.

On Santarèm's far spreading plain,

There's a rush of helm and spear,

And the sudden burst of a warlike strain

Comes dancing on the ear;

And the banners wave, and the trumpets wail,

And the silver cymbals clash;

And sounds are on the fitful gale,

Like a stormy ocean's dash!

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

A murmur rises from the crowd
That girds King Pedro's throne,
Like the thunder peal that from cloud to cloud,
In its gathering might, rolls on:
And the shout that cleaves the noontide sky,
To a wilder shout gives birth;
That swells, like an army's battle-cry,
Till it shakes the solid earth.

'Tis the fierce, triumphant voice of hate;
Of blood the eager call;
'Tis the tiger's yell for his slaughtered mate,
Ere he springs to' avenge her fall!
And ten thousand hearts exult as one,
When that welcome band draws near;
And their cry, like the knell of mercy flown,
Still rings on the doomed ear!

ام. مرابع سا

What precious offering do they bring,
To feed a monarch's pride?—
A gift more grateful to their king
Than aught in the world beside!
Nor gems, nor gold, rich stores of art,
Barbaric spoils of war,—
But a treasure to his panting heart
More prized—more precious far!

The murderers of the martyred Bride
Who should have shared his crown;
The felon slaves that had defied
So long his iron frown;—
Are given to his red hand at last,—
Stand fettered in his sight;
And his kindling glance is on them cast,
With a fierce and grim delight!

"Demons! Nay, bend no fawning knee,
Your doom is fixed, your sentence said;
And such mercy shall ye wring from me
As ye vouchsafed the sinless dead!
"There's blood upon your dastard brands
That blood can only clear again;
There's guilt on those remorseless hands,
And fire, perchance, may cleanse the stain!

"Call me not cruel:—ye who turned Your swords against a woman's breast; Her pleading tears and beauty spurned, And made her dying pangs your jest; Call me not harsh, that thus I wreak Late vengeance on your craven clay: Help from a mightier Monarch seek;—For mercy here 'twere vain to pray!

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

"Sweet Inez! by thy guiltless blood,
Unheeded wail, and fruitless tears;
By the love, even death hath not subdued;
By the calm delights of our early years;
By my widowed couch and withered heart;
By my broken hopes and burning brain;
By the feeling, now of my life a part;
By the vow, I never breathed in vain;—

"My vengeance shall not sleep;—and they
Who deem thine earthly reign is o'er,
Shall yet to thee their homage pay,
With awe they never felt before:—
Shall see thee sitting by my side,
Uprisen from thy dreamless rest;
The sharer of my 'place of pride,'—
A queen, a saint by all confessed!

"But hark! the signal trumpet's peal;
The pile is laid, the banquet spread:
Why gleams so many a glittering steel
Above each craven traitor's head?
Put up your thirsting swords; 'twere vain
To give yon pyre a lifeless prey;—
I'll not abate a single pain
To guilt like theirs;—away! away!"



KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

Mid Alcobaça's storied gloom,

Two sculptured effigies recline;

A woman's one, in youth's first bloom;

A queen—a saint by many a sign!

There's a crown upon her placid brow,

And a regal robe around her thrown;

And charms that bid the gazer bow,

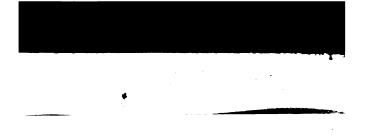
Are breathing from that simple stone.

And a warrior king is sleeping near,
With his sceptre by his side;
With a knitted brow and a look severe,
And a lip of scorn and pride!
His hand hath half unsheathed his sword,
As if some mortal foe defied;
He breathes some wild, revengeful word;
"Twas thus King Pedro died!

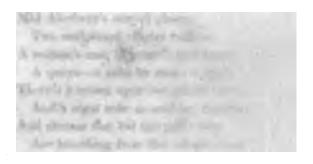


GUARD AGAINST A RAINT DAY.

Guard against a rainy day;—
Though the skies be now so fair,
Yet a little while and they
May a gloomier aspect wear:



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GUARD AGAINST A RAINY DAY.

Guard against a rainy day;—
Though the skies be now so fair,
Yet a little while and they
May a gloomier aspect wear:



Fortune, too, so smiling now, Seeming all thy hopes to crown, Soon may show an altered brow, And assume an angry frown!

Guard against a rainy day;—
What though life were always Spring;
Even a smiling morn of May
Unexpected showers may bring:
Friendship, though so warm of old,
Will not bear an adverse sky;
Even Love, for lack of gold,
May unfold his wings and fly!

Gold our master, and our slave,
Can both dictate and obey:
What is there on earth we crave,
That will not confess its sway?
Honour, friendship, love, and fame,
Title, power, and men's respect,
He who highest bids may claim,
If he be but circumspect.

Call not gold then worthless dross,
That can purchase wealth like this;
And lend virtue's self a gloss,
Fools might else be fain to miss.

GUARD AGAINST A RAINY DAY

Jewels, to the vulgar ken,

Though they be of price untold,

Are but duly valued, when

They are set in frames of gold.

Prophecies of future sorrow,

Who may venture to gainsay?

Clouds may break in floods to-morrow,

Gather honey whilst you may:

Nor forget to lay up store,

Where it ne'er can know decay;

Spring and summer soon are o'er,

Guard against a wintry day!

How hath the fierce oppressor fall'n,
The Golden City ceased;
The sceptre of his power been broke,
The trampled heart released!
The staff the wicked loves to wield,
That long hath ruled the land,
At length, by an almighty blow,
Is shivered in his hand!

And he who, in his wanton wrath,
In heaven's and man's despite,
His people, with continual stroke,
For ever joyed to smite;
Who ruled them, in his anger stern,
With terror's iron rod,
Now lies all prostrate 'neath the arm
Of an avenging God!



And the whole Earth rejoiceth,
At length, to be at rest;
The halcyon Peace, long scared away,
Once more becomes her guest;
And, in the fulness of their hearts,
In their deliverance strong,
The gladness of all living things
Is breaking forth in song!

Ay, even to her inmost heart,
Creation owns the spell;
The fir-trees bow rejoicingly
That none come up to fell;
The cedars dark of Lebanon
At length have found a voice,
And seem, through all their spreading boughs.
To murmur forth "rejoice!"

Hell from beneath is moved for thee,

To bid thee welcome there,
And stirreth up the dead once more
To gaze on thy despair;
The chief ones of the nations' choice.
The mighty kings of earth,
Are lifted up from their dread thrones
To mock thee with their mirth!

And they shall speak to thee and say,
With cold, derisive smile,
The pointed finger of their scorn,
Slow-moving all the while;
Art thou, stupendous in thy guilt,
Thus weak and powerless grown?
Where is the sceptre of thy rule,
And where thy vaunted throne?

Thy pomp is brought down to the grave;
Voices that hymned thy fame,
Have died into an echo,
Or but breathe another's name;—
Thy festal banquets all are o'er,
And o'er thy prostrate form,
Insatiate Death hath spread his board,
The reveller the worm!

Son of the Morning, Lucifer!

How hast thou ceased from heaven;
A star so bright, at dawn of day,
To be extinct at even!
Thou, who didst strive, with impious pride,
God's throne above to climb,
From that empyrean height to fall,
With ruin more sublime!

Oh, who can look upon thee now,
Nor ask is this the man
Who made the mightiest kingdoms quake,
The trembling earth grow wan;
Who o'er her splendid cities passed
Like a consuming flame,
And of their primal grandeur left
No record but a name!

The kings of all the nations
In their tombs of glory lie,
Whilst thou art from thy grave cast out,
The scorn of every eye;
Despised, abandoned of the world,
The passer by to greet,
Like the corse of one untimely slain,
And trodden under feet!

Thou shalt not share their burial-place,
Nor join in their renown,
Because thou hast destroyed the land,
And struck thy people down:
For this iniquity a curse
Shall to thy children cling,
Far sharper than the serpent's tooth,
Or Death's envenomed sting!



The seed of cvil-doers
Shall ne'er possess the land;
Nor fill the world with cities,
But shall drop away like sand;
Never again to reunite,
In strength to be as one;
The name, the remnant, and the race,
Forgot like Babylon!



ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

And slight withal may be the things that bring Back on the heart the weight which it would fling Aside for ever.

BYRON,

Relics of love, and life's enchanted spring,
Of hopes, born rainbow-like of smiles and tears,
With trembling hand do I unloose the string
Twined 'round the records of my youthful years.



ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

Yet why preserve memorials of a dream

Too bitter-sweet to breathe of aught but pain;

Why court fond memory for a fitful gleam

Of faded bliss, that cannot bloom again!

The thoughts and feelings these sad relies bring
Back on my heart, I would not now recall:
Since holier ties around its pulses cling,
Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall!

Can withered hopes that never came to flower,
Match with affections long and dearly tried;
Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
Through good and ill, and time and change defied!

Perish each record that might wake a thought
That would be treason to a faith like this!
Why should the spectres of past joys be brought
To fling their shadows o'er my present bliss!

Yet, ere we part for ever, let me pay
A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead;
Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
With tears as wild as once I used to shed.

ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye!
What tender truths in every line I trace!
Confessions, penned with many a deep-drawn sigh;
Hopes, like the Dove, with but one resting-place.

How many a feeling, long, too long, represt,
Like autumn flowers, here opened out at last;
How many a vision of the lonely breast,
Its cherished radiance on these leaves hath cast!

And ye, pale violets, whose sweet breath hath driven Back on my soul the dreams I fain would quell;

To whose faint perfume such wild power is given,

To call up visions only loved too well;—

Ye too must perish:—wherefore now divide Tributes of love—first offerings of the heart! Gifts, that so long have slumbered side by side; Tokens of feeling, never meant to part!

A long farewell;—sweet flowers, sad scrolls, adieu!
Yes, ye shall be companions to the last:
So perish all that would revive anew
The fruitless memories of the faded past!



A PARAPERASE.

Tis done: the flames are curling swiftly 'round Each fairer vestige of my youthful years; Page after page that searching blaze hath found, Even while I strive to trace them through my tears:

The Hindoo widow, in affection strong,
Dies by her lord and keeps her faith unbroken;
Thus perish all that to those wrecks belong,
The living memory—with the lifeless token!

A PARAPHRASE.

Yes, methinks that I could without weeping resign
Both thy beautiful eyes, though so fondly they languish;
And thy lips, though they often have murmured to mine
Affection's soft tones, I could lose, without anguish!

To be brief; thou hast held so ungentle a sway

O'er the heart that was given by Love to thy keeping,

That at length from thy chains it is stealing away,

And methinks I may learn to lose all without weeping!



THE TWIN SISTERS.

They grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies but one heart.
SHAKSPERE.

I saw them when their bud of life
Was slowly opening into flower,
Before a cloud of care or strife
Had burst above their natal bower;—
Ere this world's blight had marred a grace
That mantled o'er each smiling face.

What were they then? Two twinkling stars,
The youngest of an April sky;—
Far, far from earth, and earthborn jars,
Together shining peacefully;—
Now borrowing, now dispensing light;
Radiant as Hope, and calm as bright.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

What were they then? Two limpid streams
Through life's green vale in beauty gliding;
Now, blent like half-forgotten dreams;
Now, 'neath the gloom of willows hiding;
Now, dancing o'er the turf away,
In playful waves and glittering spray.

I see them as I saw them then,
With careless brows, and laughing eyes;
They flash upon my soul again
With all their infant witcheries;
Two gladsome spirits sent on earth
As envoys from the Muse of Mirth.

Such fancy's dreams; but never more
May fancy with such dreams be fed:
The buds have withered to the core
Before their leaves had time to spread!
The stars have fallen from on high;
The streams are now for ever dry!

When spring was brightening all the skies,
'Mid blooming flowers and sunny weather,
Death came to them in gentlest guise,
And smote them in his love together;—
In concert thus they lived and died,
And now lie slumbering side by side!



THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this,
Where even the breezes and the common air
Contain the power and spirit of harmony.
COLERIDGE.

Harp of the winds! What music may compare With thy wild gush of melody; or where 'Mid this world's discords, may we hope to meet, Tones such as thine—so soothing and so sweet!

Harp of the winds! When summer's zephyr wings
Its airy flight across thy tremulous strings,
As if enamoured of its breath, they move
With soft, low murmurs;—like the voice of love
Ere passion deepens it, or sorrow mars
Its harmony with sighs. All worldly jars
Confess thy soothing power, when strains like these
From thy soft chords are borne upon the breeze!



But when a more pervading force compels Their sweetness into strength, and quickly swells Each tenderer tone to fulness,—what a strange And spirit-stirring sense that fitful change Wakes in my heart. Visions of days long past,-Hope, joy, pride, pain, and passion, with the blast Come rushing on my soul;—till I believe Some strong enchantment, purposed to deceive, Hath fixed its spell upon me; and I grieve I may not burst its bonds!—Anon the gale Softly subsides, and whisperings low prevail Of inarticulate melody, that seem Not music but its shadow;—what a dream Is to reality; or as the swell,— Those who have felt alone have power to tell,— Of the full heart where love was late a guest, Ere it recovers from its sweet unrest. The charm is o'er; each warring thought flits by, Exorcised by that simplest minstrelsy; Each turbulent feeling owns its sweet control, And peace once more returns and settles on my soul!



And painters of the winding Rhine; I will not ask a lovelier dream, A sweeter scene, fair Thames, than thine; .





RICHMOND HILL,

Sweet scene of Childhood's opening bloom, for sportive Youth to stray in, For Manhood to enjoy his strength, and Age to wear away in.

Let poets rave of Arno's stream,
And painters of the winding Rhine;
I will not ask a lovelier dream,
A sweeter scene, fair Thames, than thine;

RICHMOND HILL.

As, in a summer eve's decline,

Thou glidest "at thine own sweet will,"

Reflecting from thy face divine,

The flower-wreathed brow of Richmond Hill!

And, what though some may hold thee cheap.

Because thy charms are all their own;

And cold to thee, their praises keep

For foreign bowers, and skies alone;

And some may scarcely deign to own

The beauties all may share at will;

I'll bow before thy woodland throne,

And hymn thy praise, sweet Richmond Hill!

For, what the slave of fashion spurns,
But makes thee dearer far to me;
Then, whilst his sickly fancy turns
To foreign climes, I'll worship thee!
The more, that thou to all art free;
That hearts unnumbered sweetly thrill,
When by-gone hours of blameless glee
Come blent with thoughts of Richmond Hill.

The school-boy seeks thy glowing crest, And launches thence his soaring kite, In all the motley colours drest His fancy deems of fair and bright;

RICHMOND HILL.

And, like his heart, as gay and light,
As wild, perverse, and volatile,—
The fluttering plaything wings its flight,
In curvets wild, o'er Richmond Hill.

Young lovers, too, frequent the shades
That gird thy verdant diadem;
There linger till the day-beam fades,
And evening's soft and dewy gem,
The star of love, hath risen for them:
Then 'mid the silent rapturous thrill,—
The gush of hearts 'twere vain to stem,—
How bright a heaven is Richmond Hill!

And when the ardent hopes of youth,

The tone of bliss subdued acquire,

When the wild heart has "gained in truth,
Far more than it has lost in fire;"

The "happy pair" will here retire,
On memories fond to feed at will;

To muse on themes that ne'er can tire,—
Their trysting days on Richmond Hill.

And even when age has strewn the brow
With many a trace of time and care;
When summer's eve is bright as now,
The world-worn man may here repair,

THE LAMENT OF BOABDIL EL CHICO;

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE ALHAMBRA, AFTER THE CONQUERT OF GRANADA BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

It was a night of doleful lamentings within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern gate of the palace, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, who left thus privately that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the Sultana Ayxa La Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanour; but his wife Zorayma indulged in loud lamentations as she gave a last look at the Alhambra. They were attended by a small band of veteran Moors, who were loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defence of his family. The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion with a view to take possession of the city. The signal of advance was a large silver cross, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. The splendid cavalcade, composed of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, and their chief nobles and attendants, was met by the unhappy Boabdil on the banks of the Xenil, at a short distance from Granada. As he approached the King he would have dismounted in token of homage had not Ferdinand prevented him. He then offered to kiss the King's hand, but this sign of vassalage was declined. Queen Isabella refused also to receive this ceremonial of homage; and to console him under his adversity delivered to him his son, who had remained as a hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared by their misfortunes. Having placed the keys of the city in the hands of the King, Boabdil continued his course towards the Alpuxarras, that he might avoid being a spectator of the entrance of the Christians into his capital. Having rejoined his family, they ascended an eminence, commanding the last view of Granada, where they paused to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously on the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; whilst the Vega spread its enamelled bosom below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with silent agony upon that delicious scene; but whilst they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel; and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, announced that the city was taken possession of. The heart of Boabdil, softened by

THE LAMENT OF BOABDIL EL CHICO.

misfortunes and overcharged by grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah Akbar! God is great," he would have said; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa La Horra, was indignant at this weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man." An ineffectual attempt was made to console him, but his tears continued to flow, and he turned from the scene, exclaiming, "When did misfortunes ever equal mine!" From this circumstance the hill took the name of "El ultimo suspiro del Moro,"-the last sigh of the Moor. The unhappy Boabdil retired to the valley of Porchena, where a small but fertile territory had been allotted to him. The jealousy of Ferdinand, however, who felt hardly secure in his newly conquered territories whilst there was one within their bounds who might revive pretensions to the throne, did not long permit him to remain in this retirement. A collusive arrangement between the Vizier of Boabdil and the King, by which the former was to receive 80,000 golden ducats for his territory, concluded without Boabdil's privity, drove him forth once more. Gathering together, therefore, the wreck of his property, he set out for a neighbouring port, where a vessel was waiting to convey him to Africa. He was there hospitably received by his relative, Muley Ahmed, king of Fez, and resided for many years on his territory. Thirty-four years after the conquest of Granada, he fell in an attempt to assist the King of Fez to quell a rebellion in his dominions; "an instance," says the chronicler, "of the scornful caprice of Fortune, dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to die in the defence of his own." The fate of Boabdil is said to have been revealed to him in a dream, to which it is presumed he alluded when, on deciding on the capitulation of Granada, he exclaimed, "Too surely was it written in the Book of Fate that I should be unfortunate, and that my kingdom should expire under my rule." The fall of his empire had, moreover, been prophesied by a dervise, who, penetrating to the foot of his throne some months before his downfall, exclaimed, "Woe! woe! woe to Granada! its hour of desolation approaches! my spirit tells me that the end of our empire is at hand," Nearly all the events of his life appear to have established his title to the soubriquet, El Zogoybi, the unfortunate, or unlucky. The last words that burst spontaneously from the lips of the faithful few who witnessed his embarkation for Africa, were, "Farewell, Boabdil! Allah preserve thee, El Zogoybi!" IEVING'S "CHRONICLES OF GRANADA."

Adieu, proud palace of my sires!

Home of my luckless youth, adieu!

Still lingers on thy glittering spires

The light their earlier grandeur knew;—

The beams of evening gild them yet;

Boabdil's brightest sun has set!

A death-like silence fills thy halls; Hushed is the voice of revelry;— And though on thy emblazoned walls Some stirring records still I see,— Their splendour serves but to declare How boutless those brief triumphs were.

Still winds the silver bright Xenil
Granada's gorgeous bowers among,—
And wander " at their own sweet will "
The Darro's shining waves along;—
Smiling in light as once they smiled
Ere blood their crystal depths defiled.

The Court of Lions still is there,
But Musa's step is there no more;
Its fount still gushes on; but where,
Where are the lion hearts of yore?
Broken or scattered, like the spray
Borne from its marble mouths away.

And where are now the youthful train

Here schooled in Honour's knightly deeds!

Who met on you enamelled plain

To try the festive tilt of reeds?—

Swept from the flowery paths of life,
In wilder war—in sterner strife!

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Why did I brave the dream of blood
That prophesied my hapless fate,
Without the courage to be good,
Without ambition to be great;
And wherefore like a woman weep
O'er what I wanted strength to keep!

Woe, woe to thee, Granada proud,
Thy star hath sunk to rise no more;
And shouts of triumph long and loud
Proclaim thy day of glory o'er;
Upon La Vela's sun-touched brow
The sign of conquest glitters now!

It is the Cross that Christians call
The emblem mild of faith and love;—
Of peace, and pure goodwill to all;—
Of truth, all human truth above;—
Yet hath it ever proved to me
The sign of hate and treachery!

Before our wasted Vegas knew
That symbol red of strife and toil,
Ere nursed by traitor arts it grew
The scourge of our devoted soil;
To me its saving grace did seem
A glorious creed—a godlike dream!

THE LAMENT OF BOABDIL EL CHICO.

But I have probed the gilded cheat
Of all who 'neath that banner fight,
The crafty friendship, cold deceit,
With which they trusting hearts requite:
We fall;—'tis theirs to strike the blow,
By one dark rebel's sin laid low!

My crime it was invoked the wrath
That on my doomèd race descends;
A curse must ever dog my path;
With me the Moor's broad empire ends;
I would my heart's last life-drop drain
To win that birthright back again.

I go to hide my humbled head
In some sequestered haunt of shame;
Some far and foreign land to tread,
That hath not heard Boabdil's name:
Perchance, should Fate such peace deny,
A dark, inglorious death to die!

Yet, even to earn a fate like this,

A weightier penance still remains;

The blood-stained, treacherous hand to kiss

That fixed my fate and forged my chains;

And, howsoe'er my soul rebel,

My conqueror's bloated pomp to swell!

THE LAMENT OF BOABDIL EL CHICO.

To bend before his saddle-bow
His kingly elemency to crave;
The scoff, the scorn, the jest, the show
Of every idle, gaping slave;
And thank his mercy for a son,
Whose throne, realm, birthright,—all are gone!

For what is left? A blunted spear;
A broken sword and dinted shield;
A crown he is not doomed to wear;
A sceptre he may never wield;
A blighted and dishonoured name;
A monarch's pride—a vassal's shame!

Oh, not for this his youth was trained
To sports that best beseem a king;
The foremost still where Beauty reigned
To tilt the reed, or ride the ring;
And when the mimic strife was o'er,
To nerve his soul for nobler lore!

But what avail the lessons now

His soaring soul so quickly caught;

That swelling heart and haughty brow

Must soon a harder task be taught;

To bleed in silence, and to hide

Grief's canker-worm 'neath looks of pride.

THE LAMENT OF BOARDIL EL CHICO.

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A smile hath lit Zorayma's eye,
She sees her long-lost son draw near,
And tearless, half forgets to sigh
O'er the dark chance that brings him here;
She knows, she feels, that come what will,
She is a queen—a mother still!

Whilst I who have so often burned
To clasp my gallant boy again;
Each gentler thought to anguish turned,
Now meet his dauntless glance with pain:
And filled with dreams of other years,
Can only welcome him with tears!

Away, away, wild drops, away!

I must a sterner aspect wear;
I would not to yon slaves betray

The secret of my soul's despair;

No; let their shouts of triumph ring,
I'll meet them like Granada's King!

Throw wide the gates, the hundred gates,
That ne'er received a foe before;
For, lo! the conqueror's pageant waits
To tread the halls we tread no more;
Lead on; at length I've burst the spell;
And now, majestic pile, farewell!





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A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious Spring, Λ radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing; Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high, Without a shadow in its path,—a cloud upon its sky!

I see her yet—so fancy deems,—her soft, unbraided hair. Gleaming, like sunlight upon snow, above her forehead fair;

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

Her large dark eyes, of changing light, the winning smile that played,

In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth Expression's self had made!

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her way, Nor dreamed the flowers that round her bloomed would ever know decay;—

She had no winter in her note, but evermore would sing,— What darker season had she known,—of Spring, of only Spring!

Alas, alas! that hopes like hers, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour
should blight;—

Bow down her fair but fragile form, her brilliant brow o'ercast,

And make her beauty, like her bliss, a shadow of the past!

Years came and went, we met again,—but what a change was there!

The glassy calmness of the eye, that whispered of despair; The fitful flushing of the cheek, the lips compressed and thin,

The clench of the attenuate hands,—proclaimed the strife within!

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

- Yet, for each ravaged charm of earth, some pitying power had given
- Beauty, of more than mortal birth, a spell that breathed of heaven;—
- And as she bent, resigned and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
- With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seemed to glow!
- No wild reproach, no bitter word, in that sad hour was spoken,
- For hopes deceived, for love betrayed, and plighted pledges broken;—
- Like HIM who for his murderers prayed, she wept, but did not chide;
- And her last orisons were said for him for whom she died!
- Thus, thus, too oft, the traitor Man repays fond Woman's truth;
- Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth:
- And sad it is in griefs like these o'er visions loved and lost,
- That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer most!



Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from thee;
For in my fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality!
WORDSWORTH.

Thou wert fair when first we met,
As a youthful poet's dream;
Thou art lovely still, and yet,
Where, O where's the vernal gleam
That around thy footsteps hung,
When our hearts and hopes were young!

Thou wert joyous as the bird,
When its first wild flight it tries;
And thy softliest whispered word
Breathed the mirth of summer skies:
Thou art silent now when glad;
Serious ever—sometimes sad.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PORTRA

Thou didst love in other years,
Songs of light and joyous flow;
But the strains that stir thy tears,
Are thy cherished pastime now;
Thou hast learned to gather gladness
From the very depths of sadness.

Yes, thy blue eye's changing light, Shed a keener radiance then; And thy smile so dazzling bright, Ne'er can be so bright again;— Let each faithless grace depart, Spring can never leave thy heart!

It is warm as ever still,
Fond and faithful to the core;
Withering sorrow cannot chill,
Would she ne'er might wring it more!
Years may dim the rose of youth,
So they spare the bosom's truth.

Time and his twin-sister Care,

Have but lightly touched thy brow;
And the lines imprinted there,

Never lovelier seemed than now;
For they breathe the spell refined
Of a sorrow-chastened mind.



Wherefore then should I repine
That thou art not as of old;
Since maturer gifts are thine,
Precious treasures, wealth untold;
Charms thy youth could never know,
Graces, time alone bestow!

If we are not what we were,
We have not endured in vain;
Since the present hour is fair,
Why evoke the past again!
Am not I, and art not thou,
Calmer, wiser, happier now!



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panette land

a levely night; -- the crement me-

(A bark of beauty on its dark blue sea,)
Winning its way amid the billowy clouds,
Unoared, unpiloted, moved on. The sky
Was studded thick with stars, which glittering streamed
An intermittent splendour through the heavens.
I turned my glance to earth;—the mountain winds
Were sleeping in their caves,—and the wild sea,





ÆTNA.

SEETCH.

I looked, and saw the face of things quite changed PARADISE LOST.

It was a lovely night;—the crescent moon
(A bark of beauty on its dark blue sea,)
Winning its way amid the billowy clouds,
Unoared, unpiloted, moved on. The sky
Was studded thick with stars, which glittering streamed
An intermittent splendour through the heavens.
I turned my glance to earth;—the mountain winds
Were sleeping in their caves,—and the wild sea,



ÆTNA.

With its innumerous billows, melted down
To one unmoving mass, lay stretched beneath
In deep and tranced slumber; giving back
The host above with all its dazzling sheen,
To Fancy's ken, as though the luminous sky
Had rained down stars upon its breast. Suddenly,
The scene grew dim: those living lights rushed out,
And the fair moon, with all her gorgeous train,
Had vanished like the frost-work of a dream.

Darkness arose; and volumed clouds swept o'er Earth and the ocean. Through the gloom, at times, Sicilian Ætna's blood-red flame was seen Fitfully flickering. The stillness now Yielded to murmurs hurtling on the air From out her deep-voiced crater; and the winds Burst through their bonds of adamant, and lashed The weltering ocean, that so lately lay Calm as the slumbers of a cradled child, To a demoniac's madness. The broad wave Swelled into boiling surges, which appeared, Whene'er the mountain's lurid light revealed Their progress to the eye, presumptuously To dash against the cbon roof of heaven.

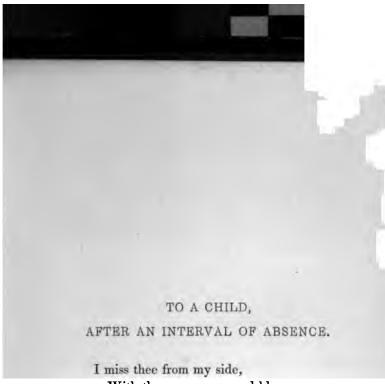
Then came a sound—a fearful, deafening sound—Sudden and loud, as if an earthquake rent

ÆTNA.

The globe to its foundations! With a rush, Startling deep Midnight on her throne, rose up, From the red mouth of Ætna's burning mount, A giant tree of fire, whence sprouted out Thousands of boundless branches, that put forth Their fiery foliage in the sky, and showered Their fruit, the red-hot levin, to the earth, In terrible profusion. Some fell back Into the hell from which they sprang; and some, Gaining an impulse from the winds that raged Unceasingly around, sped o'er the main, And, hissing, dived to an eternal home Beneath its yawning billows. The black smoke, Blotting the snows that shroud pale Cuma's height, Rolled down the mountain's sides, girding its base With artificial darkness: for the sea, Catania's palaces and towers, and even The far-off shores of Syracuse, revealed In the deep glare that deluged heaven and earth, Flashed forth in fearful light upon the eye. And there was seen a lake of liquid fire Streaming and streaming slowly on its course; And widening as it flowed, like the dread jaws Of some huge monster ere its prey be fanged. At its approach the loftiest pines bent down, And strewed its surface with their trunks;—the earth

ETNA.

Shook at its coming;—towns and villages,
Deserted of their denizens, were 'whelmed
Amid that flood, and lent it ampler force;
The noble's palace, and the peasant's cot,
Alike but served to swell its fiery tide:
Shrieks of wild anguish rushed upon the gale,
And universal Nature seemed to wrestle
With the gaunt forms of Darkness and Despair.



With thy merry eyes and blue;
From thy crib at morning-tide,
Oft its curtains peeping through;
In the kisses, not a few,
Thou wert wont to give me then;
In thy sleepy sad adieu,
When 'twas time for bed again!

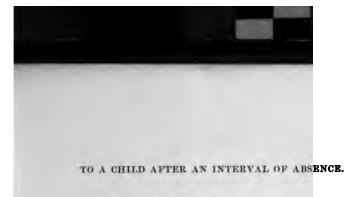
I miss thee from my side,
With thy question oft repeated;
On thy rocking-horse astride,
Or beneath my table seated:
Or, when tired and overheated
With a summer-day's delight,
Many a childish aim defeated,
Sleep hath overpowered thee quite!

TO A CHILD, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

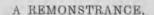
I miss thee from my side,
When brisk Punch is at the door;
Vainly pummels he his bride,
Judy's wrongs can charm no more!
He may beat her till she's sore,
She may die, and he may flee;
Though I loved their squalls of yore,
What's the pageant now to me!

I miss thee from my side,
When the light of day grows pale;
When with eyelids opened wide,
Thou wouldst list the oft-told tale,
And the murdered babes bewail;
Yet so greedy of thy pain,
That, when all my lore would fail,
I must needs begin again!

I miss thee from my side,
Blithe cricket of my hearth!
Oft in secret have I sighed
For thy chirping voice of mirth;
When the low-born cares of earth
Chill my heart, and dim my eye,
Grief is stifled in its birth,
If my little prattler's nigh!



I miss thee from my side,
With thy bright, ingenuous smile;
With thy glance of infant pride,
And the face no tears defile:—
Stay, and other hearts beguile,
Hearts that prize thee fondly too;
I must spare thy pranks awhile;
Cricket of my hearth, adieu!



TO ± PRIEND WHO COMPLAINED TO THE AUTHOR THAT HE WAS "ALL ALONE!"

Oh! say not thou art all alone

Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth;—Sigh not o'er joys for ever flown,—
The vacant chair, the silent hearth:
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth,
That people oft thy solitude!

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed, and scarcely left a trace;
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
No longer in thy heart have place;
Nor time, nor grief can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine;
The fadeless love, all-pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine!

A REMONSTRANCE.

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven, she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings,—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
And say—thou art not all alone!

A REMONSTRANCE.

Not all alone; a watchful Eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving Hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call;
When sadness holds the heart in thrall,
Oft is His tenderest mercy shewn;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!



And bending buck her head, looked up, And gazed upon his face.

She had been waiting for him, till her heart Was stirred, almost to bursting, with the strife Of hope and fear, the fondness and mistrust, That only lovers know: and she had vowed



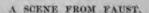


A SCENE FROM FAUST.

She half enclosed him with her arms, She pressed him with a meek embrace, And bending back her head, looked up, And gazed upon his face.

COLUMNIDOS.

She had been waiting for him, till her heart Was stirred, almost to bursting, with the strife Of hope and fear, the fondness and mistrust, That only lovers know: and she had vowed



To chide her truant for his long delay;
To frown, look cold and stately as a queen;
Discourse of broken vows, dissevered ties;
And ask if men were faithless all, like him!
But, as she sat within her garden bower,
She heard the music of his well-known step;
And all her firm resolves, resentments, doubts,
The pride of slighted beauty, were dispelled,
As if those sounds had power to exorcise

All thoughts that did not minister to love!
And her eye caught the dancing of his plume,
'Mid the green branches, as he strode along;
Her quick ear drank his melody of voice,
As its sweet accents syllabled her name,
Till every echo round repeated it!

What should she do? Go hide her from his search; Teach the gay laggard she too could be slow; And bid him feel, in part, what she had felt, To make their after-meeting more divine! The fancy pleased her; and she fled before him, Swift as a startled fawn, as graceful too; Gained their accustomed trysting-place unseen, And hid herself in sport behind the door; Meaning to dart to his unconscious arms, Just as his brow was gathering to a frown,

A SCENE FROM FAUST.

That she could break her promises like him. She would have stilled the beating of her heart, That she might catch the first, faint distant sounds Of his approaching footsteps; but suspense Lent it a wilder impulse, and its throbs Grew momently more loud. She gasped for breath, As the thick boughs that hid her summer haunt Rustled, the latch was lifted, and the words, "Margaret, dear Margaret!" in the faltering tones Of one who seeks but scarce expects an answer, Fell on her charmèd ear.

She rushed towards him, With all her sex's fervency and truth,
Its willing faith, devotedness of soul,—
Forgetful only of its proud reserve,—
And, twining round his neck her snowy arms,
Clung to his lips, as though the world and life
Had nothing for her half so sweet beside!
And, in the pauses of that wild embrace,
She breathed, in few and scarce articulate words,
The love shut up in her deep heart till then.
She had no thought that virtue might not own,
No guile to mask, no purpose to conceal;
So she poured forth the secrets of her soul
With all the frankness of a woman's love,
Who judges others by her own pure self.

A SCENE FROM PAUST.

And for the world, -what were its frowns to her, Who h ld the all of wealth she wished her own, In the ing clasp. Alas, and r feelings Should ever be empl ork her woe! real by That those deep impulses w a, were they left To take their natural cours ust lead to bliss, Should sometimes prove the . misters of ill, And, swelling to a wild and st crmy sea, O'erwhelm the virtues they w. re meant to nourish. They stood in deep entrancement, heart to heart, With not a breath to break the hush around them. Save the wild throbbings of each bounding breast, Half smothered sighs, and soft, low murmured words, That told an endless tale of love, and love!

It was a rich, bright, tranquil summer's eve;
The sun was resting on the horizon's verge;
The distant mountains wearing crowns of gold,
Like vassal kings arose to guard his throne;
And every object round appeared to grow
Instinct with softer beauty. On the breeze,
Through the half-open lattice, came the breath,
The honeyed breath, of many a fragrant flower,
Closing its sweet eyes on day's farewell beam.
All things conspired to make those moments yield

A SCENE FROM FAUST.

A full repayment for the grief of years;—
And Faust had half forgot the doom that hung,
Like the huge avalanche a breath brings down,
O'er his devoted head; until a laugh,
A fiend-like laugh, a loud, harsh, bitter taunt,
As if in mockery of a bliss too pure
For evil spirits to behold unpained,
Recalled him to a sense of what he was,
And what he soon must be!

And devilish eyes

Were leering on them, shedding baleful light
On that sweet scene of more than mortal passion!
Another kiss—another, and another;—
When lo! the fiend grew clamorous that his dupe
Should dare resist his will, and burst upon him,
Dragging him forth from that bright paradise
To shades where he might tutor him in guile,
And bid him plan the ruin of a heart,
Whose only fault was loving him too well!

Alas, alas! that Man so oft should be The slave of some dark, scheming fiend like this! And, spirited by him to deeds of ill, Should pay dear Woman's fond confiding truth,—Blasting the beauty he was born to cherish,—With falsehood, treachery, despair, and death!

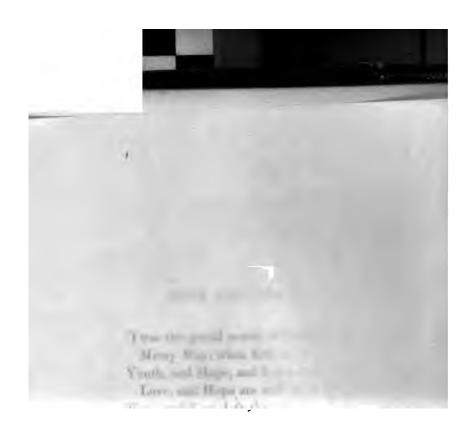
LOVE AND SPRING.

"Twas the genial month of flowers,
Merry May, when first we met;
Youth, and Hope, and Love were ours,
Love, and Hope are with us yet;—
Time, and Care defy the will,
But our hearts are spring-like still.

Time may "thin the flowing hair;"
Rob the eye of half its light;
And the breath of low-born Care
Hope may canker, Beauty blight;—
Fate may frown and Friends grow chill,
So the heart be vernal still!

Centred thus 'mid Alpine snows,
Storms above, and glaciers 'round,
One green spot no winter knows;
But, like fairy-haunted ground,
Holds within its charmed ring
All the freshest hues of spring!

evo mun tament is theirs, though tears a To dim the eyes that may not look again.



Storms above, and glaciers 'round,
One green spot no winter knows;
But, like fairy-haunted ground,
Holds within its charmed ring
All the freshest hues of spring!



THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried.

BOOK OF BUILD.

They leave their native land, a mournful parting,
Fortune to follow o'er the distant main;
No loud lament is theirs, though tears are starting
To dim the eyes that may not look again.

For life hath had for them but changeful weather; Afar they seek serener skies to find; They go, and, blessed lot, they go together, And leave no fond and breaking heart behind:

A REMOTIVE RANGE IN

Not all alms; a watering Pyr.

That was a the wandering assessed as
A sering Hami is ever migh.
A gracione Power attends thy
Whan salaese holds the heart in the
Oft is His tenderest mercy descends than the halm sunctioning to all
And thus could mover be about



A SCENE FROM FAUST.

She half enclosed him with her arms, She pressed him with a meek embrace, And bending back her head, looked up, And gazed upon his face.

COLUMNIDGE.

She had been waiting for him, till her heart Was stirred, almost to bursting, with the strife Of hope and fear, the fondness and mistrust, That only lovers know: and she had vowed



A POSTRAIT FROM REAL LIFE.

Her full collected soul upon the heart, Whate or its mask, she strove at once to dart. Patient in suffering, she has learned the art To bleed in ellence and conceal the smart; And oft, though quick of feeling, has been deemed Almost as cold and loveless as she seemed, Because to fools she never would reveal Wounds they would probe without the power to heal. Not whaten by the visions that disturb The fold talk of her thoughts, she knows to curb Each outward sign of sorrow, and suppress. Even to a sigh, all takens of distress, Yet some, perhaps with keener vision than The crowd, that pass her by unnoted, can, Through well-dissembled smiles, at times discern A settled anguish, that would seem to burn The very brain that quickens it; and when This mood of pain is on her, then, oh! then A more than wonted paleness of the cheek, And, it may be, a flitting hectic streak, A tremulous motion of the lip or eye, Are all that anxious friendship can descry. Unkindness and neglect she knows to bear Without complaint, almost without a tear, Save such as hearts internally will weep, And they ne'er rise the burning 'lids to steep:

A PORTRAIT FROM REAL LIFE.

But to those petty wrongs that half defy Human forbearance, she can make reply With a proud lip and a contemptuous eye. There is a speaking sadness in her air, A shade of languor o'er her features fair, Born of no common grief; as though Despair Had wrestled with her spirit, been o'erthrown, And these the trophies of the strife alone. A resignation of the will, a calm Derived from true religion (that sweet balm For wounded breasts), is seated on her brow; And ever to the tempest bends she now, Even as a drooping lily that the wind Sways as it lists. The sweet affections bind Her sympathies to earth; her peaceful soul Has long aspired to that immortal goal, Where pain and anguish cease to be our lot, And worldly cares and frailties are forgot.

THE REQUIEM OF YOUTH.

Oh, whither does the spirit flee
That makes existence seem
A day dream of reality,
Reality a dream?

We enter on the race of life,
Like prodigals we live,
To learn how much the world exacts
For all it hath to give.

The fine gold soon becometh dim,
We prove its base alloy;
And hearts enamoured once of bliss
Ask peace instead of joy.

Spectres dilate on every hand That seemed but tiny elves; We learn distrust of all, when most We should suspect ourselves.

But why lament the common lot
That all must share so soon;
Since shadows lengthen with the day,
That scarce exist at noon.



A orager that is comb you know,
May challenge double pity.
SIR WALTER RALEIOH.

I'll not believe I am not loved,
Although his words are few;
The deepest streams have ever proved
As cold and silent too.



But why lament the common lot
That all must share so soon;
Since shadows lengthen with the day,
That scarce exist at noon.



A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne er so witty,
A beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity.
SIR WALTER RALEJOH.

I'll not believe I am not loved, Although his words are few; The deepest streams have ever proved As cold and silent too.

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

He never said my form was fair; My check might shame the rose; And yet the smile that others share O'er him a shadow throws.

Wit's arrows pass him harmless by, A Cymon's self might move; Each shaft diverted by a sigh,— The eloquence of love.

And when I sing the stirring songs
That charm all other ears,
His trembling voice his purpose wrongs,
He cannot praise—for tears!

But should another claimant rise, And gentle words bespeak, The lightning flashes to his eyes, The heart-blood to his cheek!

I know I rule his bosom's chords,
A despot on my throne;
When will he give his feelings words,
And take me for his own!



THE MARTYRS OF ROYAL-LIEU.

The Abbess and Nuns of Royal-Lieu fell victims to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisterhood were led to the scaffold on the same day. On their way from the prison to the guillotine, they all chanted the 'Veni Creator.' Their arrival at the place of execution did not interrupt their strains; one head fell, and its voice ceased to join the celestial chorus; but the song continued. The Abbess suffered last, and her single voice still raised the devout canticle. It ceased—and the silence of death ensued.

MADAME CAMPAN.

Dark clouds are hurrying through the sky,
'Tis autumn's fitful eve,
And the dying breeze is murmuring by,
With a sound that makes one grieve;—
A stifling heat is in the air,
Like the sultry breath of a lion's lair,
And unseen fingers weave
A giant veil of shadows dun,
Before the broad, red, sinking sun.

Black, as with wrath, you angry cloud
Seems to pause in its mid career,
As the trampling steps of the crushing crowd
To one gory spot draw near:

THE MARTYRS OF ROYAL-LIEU.

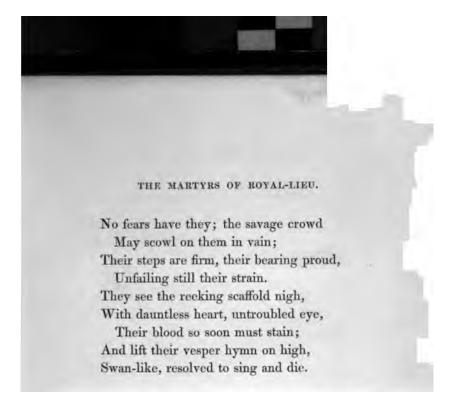
hat mean their yells of horrid glee, ose tossing heads, like a stormy sea, ows severe?

We same come that savage tiger brood.

To glut their demon lust for blood?

But hark! what thrilling sounds arise
From yon slow-moving throng;
Floating like incense to the skies,
In one rich tide of song!
And see, where opening to their tread,
Those ruthless men shrink back,—and led
By Faith, serene yet strong,
A meek-eyed band, with tircless breath,
Prolong that prelude note of death!

Theirs is no hope forlorn; they wend
Exulting on their way;
Reckless how soon their course may end,
Their life-blood ebb away;
They seem to share one thought, one breath,
And marshalled thus by Faith to death,
In beautiful array,
Those martyr Sisters glide along,
Breathing their parting prayers in song!



Lo! how she bends her to the block,

The foremost of that guiltless throng,
And sings, till 'neath the headsman's stroke,
Is stayed at once her breath and song!
Yet still the' angelic strain peals on
More thrilling sweet; till, one by one,
Is hushed each tuneful tongue;
And to that sainted band 'tis given
To join seraphic choirs in heaven!



Love installed without his wings.

There, though twenty years have fled, Chequered o'er my good and ill, He lifts aloft his beaming head, The same young, household idol still.



THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

Welcome, thrice welcome to my heart, sweet harbinger of bliss,

How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for a moment bright as this!

Thou hast flashed upon my aching sight when Fortune's clouds are dark,

The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine ark!



Twenty chequered years have past,— Summer suns and wintry weather,— Since our lot, in concert cast, First we "climbed the hill together."

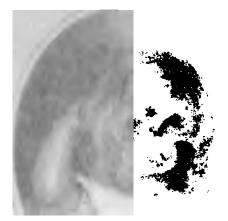
And the world before us lay,
In its brightest colours dressed,
As we took our joyous way,
To select our place of rest.

Fortune's smiles we could not boast;
Fame,—we never dreamed of Fame;
Friendship, e'en when needed most,
We had only known by name;—

Fate denying trappings rich,
We decked our bower with humbler things,
And, in Friendship's empty niche,
Love installed without his wings.

There, though twenty years have fled, Chequered o'er my good and ill, He lifts aloft his beaming head, The same young, household idol still.





oi bliss,

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The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine ark!



o! not even when life was new, and Love and Hope were young,

And o'er the firs flock with raptured gaze I hung,

Did I feel the glow that the s me now, the yearnings fond and deep,

That stir my bosom's inmost shords, as I watch thy placid sleep!

Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs 'neath summer skies,

The bud that blooms 'mid wintry storms more tenderly we prize;

One does but make our bliss more bright, the other meets our eye,

Like a radiant star, when all beside have vanished from the sky.

Sweet blossom of my stormy hour, star of my troubled heaven,

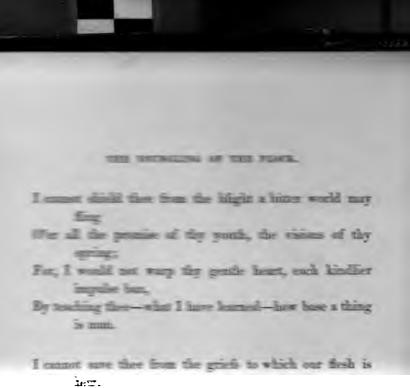
To thee that passing sweet perfume, that soothing light is given;

And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that thou,

A messenger of peace and love, art sent to cheer me now.

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

- What though my heart be crowded close with inmates dear though few,
- Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche for you!
- And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a place,
- Who knows but room may still be found, if it wears as fair a face.
- I listen to thy feeble cry, 'till it 'wakens in my breast,
- The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes, too long repressed;
- For, weak as that low wail may seem to other ears than mine,
- It stirs my heart, like a trumpet's voice, to strive for thee and thine!
- It peals upon my dreaming soul sweet tidings of the birth
- Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to earth,
- And, strengthening many a fond resolve, it bids me do and dare
- All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy sojourn fair.



But I can arm thee with a spell, life's keepest ills to

I may not Fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee DEST

For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take away.

From altered Friendship's chilling glance, from Hate's envenomed dart,

Misplaced Affection's withering pang, or "true Love's" wonted smart,

I cannot save my sinless child; but I can bid him

Such Faith and Love from heaven above as leave earth's malice weak.

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

- But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest bird His care,
- And tempers to the new-shorn lamb the blast it ill co bear,
- Will still His guiding arm extend, His gracious plan pursue,
- And if He gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee courage too.
- Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the last,
- 'Tis sweet to deem what thou mayst be, when long, long years have past;
- To think, when time hath blanched my hair, and others leave my side,
- Thou mayst be then my prop and stay, my blessing and my pride.
- And when the world hath done its worst, when life's fever-fit is o'er,
- And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never touch it more,
- How sweet to think thou mayst be near to catch my latest sigh,
- To watch beside my dying bed, and close my glazing eye.

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

'tis for offices like these, the last swee

The mother's joy, the father's pride, the fa of heaven;

Their fireside plaything first, and then of the strength the rock;

The rainbow to their waning years,—the You their Flock!

EVENING.

The holy time is quiet as a Nun Breathless with adoration! WORDSWORTF.

'Tis evening: on Abruzzo's hill
The summer sun is lingering still,
As though unwilling to bereave
The landscape of its softest beam,—
So fair, one can but look and grieve
To think that like a lovely dream,
A few brief, fleeting moments more
Must see its reign of beauty o'er!

'Tis evening: and a general hush
Prevails, save when the mountain spring
Bursts from its rock, with fitful gush,
And makes melodious murmuring;—

A WOMAN'S FAREWELL

Fare thee well! On yonder tree
One leaf is fluttering in the blast,
Withered and sere—a type of me—
For I shall fade as fast:
Whilst many a refuge still hast thou
Thy wandering heart to save
From the keen pangs that wring min
I have but one—the grave!



ORDER IN THE HOTEL DIEU OF PARIS.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land
Where fever never burns nor hearts are riven?
That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,
Say, were they born of earth, or caught from heaven?

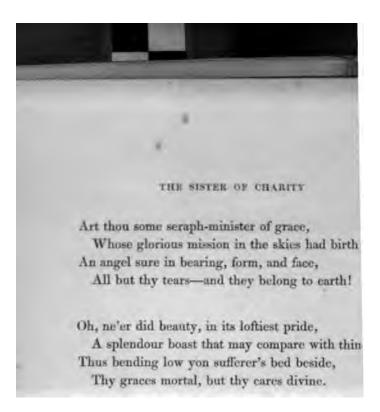
Thy wanderone to the him brom the knew party.



THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

WANTEN AFTER MERTING A TOUNG AND BRAUTIFUL MEMBER OF THE COLDER IN THE HOTEL DISU OF FARIS,

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land
Where fever never burns nor hearts are riven?
That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,
Say, were they born of earth, or caught from heaven?



A woman, filled with all a woman's fears,
Yet strong to wrestle with earth's wildest woe:
A thing of softest smiles, and tenderest tears,
That once would tremble did a breeze but blow

Leaving, perchance, some gay, and happy home,
Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath,
Throughout the crowded lazar-house to roam,
And pierce the haunts of Pestilence and Death.

For ever gliding with a noiseless tread,
As loth to break the pain-worn slumberer's rest;
To smooth the pillow, raise the drooping head,
And pour thy balsam on the bleeding breast.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Or, in each calmer interval of pain,

The Christian's hope and promised boon to shew;

And, when all human anodynes are vain,

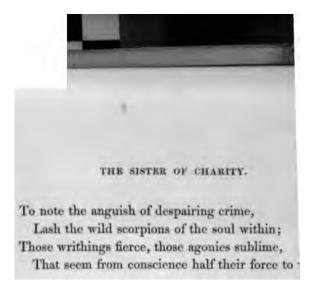
To nerve the bosom for its final throe.

To lead the thoughts from harrowing scenes like this,
To that blessed shore where sin and sorrow cease;
To imp the flagging soul for realms of bliss,
And bid the world-worn wanderer part in peace.

A creature vowed to serve both God and man, No narrow aims thy cherished cares control; Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watching can, To heal the body, and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service need;
No matter what the suppliant's claim may be;
Thou dost not ask his country or his creed;
To know he suffers is enough for thee.

Not e'en from guilt dost thou thine aid withhold, Whose Master bled a sinful world to save; Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue bold, "Tis thine the sick blasphemer's couch to brave;



Then stand before the dark demoniac's sight,—
The cup of healing in thy gentle hand;—
A woman, strengthened with an angel's might,
The storm of pain and passion to command.

To calm the throbbings of his fevered brow;
Cool his parched lips, his bleeding wounds to t
And, with deep faith, before the Cross to bow
For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it is given: thy softliest whispered word
There falls like oil on a tempestuous sea;
Hard as his heart may seem, there's yet a chord
Once touched, his ravings all are stilled by thee

I see thee stand and mark that wondrous change,
With more than mortal triumph in thine eye;
Then blessed and blessing, turn with tears to rang
Where other claimants on thy pity lie.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

By many a faint and feeble murmur led,
A willing slave, where'er the wretched call;
I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,
Each wish forestalling, bearing balm to all.

Performing humblest offices of love
For such as know no human love beside,
Still on thy healing way in mercy move,
Daughter of Pity, thus for ever glide!

All peace to thee and thy devoted band,
Vowed to earth's gloomy "family of pain;"
Whose worth could e'en the'unwilling awe command
Of blood-stained men who owned no other claim.

Long may ye live the cherished badge to wear,
Whose snow-white folds might dignify a queen;
To fainting souls your cup of life to bear,
And be the angels ye have ever been.



ADDRESSED TO MISS M. J. JEWSSHET, LATE MISS. FLETC. ON HER "FAREWELL TO THE MUSE."

Gentle Minstrel, say not so,
Bid not thus the Muse farewell;
Since to her 'tis thine to owe
Many a soft and soothing spell;
Fraught with power to bring a train
Of unbidden joys around thee:
If she "lightens hours of pain,"
And when Fate's barbed arrows wound
Pours upon thy bleeding heart
Balsam sweet to heal the smart;
If thou'st loved her "long and well,"
Wherefore bid her now farewell?

Fame's proud steep is hard to climb;
Never poet gained its brow,
And its laurel wreath sublime,
But with toilsome steps and slow;

STANZAS TO M. J. J.

For the Muse is coy to yield

To the first light vows we make her;
Who would see her spells unsealed,

To their inmost hearts must take her;
Cherish her in weal or woe,
And all other loves forego;
Nor, when fancies wild impel,
Bid her thus, like thee, farewell!

Why pronounce her promise vain,
And her name, ungrateful, wrong;
Why declare in such a strain,
In so wildly sweet a song,
That she ne'er to thee hath given
Gleams of her ethereal fire,—
Foretaste of her native heaven,
Now to soften, now inspire.
Where, if not on hearts like thine,
May she pour her rays divine;
To whom may she her mysteries tell,
If thou must bid her thus farewell!

Then take thy Lute, and it shall be,—
Betide what may of dark or bright,—
Even as Aladdin's lamp to thee,
The depths of thine own heart to light:



And bid thee thence a circlet twine,

To grace thy young, aspiring brow;
A wreath of more than mortal birth,
To keep thy memory green on earth,
When thou hast bidden Song's sweet spell,
Muse, Lute, and Life, indeed farewell!



Children, who rosy rest
Seek on a mother's breast,
Know that above you are other arms spread;
Love, a love stronger,
Protecting you longer,
Watching your footsteps, and guarding your bed.

charge a curiet twine

t water to make ti Song a switch

M Lette, and Lafe, indeed farewell.

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GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Thousands of ministering spirits walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep. MILTON.

Children, who rosy rest
Seek on a mother's breast,
Know that above you are other arms spread;
Love, a love stronger,
Protecting you longer,
Watching your footsteps, and guarding your bed.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Sorrow must dim your eyes,
Cares will with years arise,
Ambushed around you lie many a snare;
Angels, defend your charge;
Let them not roam at large;
Follow for ever to bid them beware!

Young heirs of sorrow,
Whose hope is to-morrow,
O'er you a banner of love be unfurled;
Make you a special care,
Prompting the secret prayer
"Not to release, but be kept from the world."

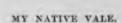
Body-guard holy,
To man bequeathed solely,
Vainly to see you our vision we strain;
Asking of form and face,
Shadows we seek to trace,
Stretching our arms to enfold you, in vain.

Follow us in the strife,
Guard 'mid the throng of life,
With each temptation fresh succour to bring;
Closer and closer press,
Innocence needs ye less;
When was the streamlet as pure as the spring?

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GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Not with the set of sun
Labours of love are done;
Angels! a night-watch to you hath been given;
Slumber give not your eyes,
Till the glad morn arise,
And your whole flock is safe folded in heaven!



And she, who listened to my lays,

With downcast eye and blushing cheek,
Her smiles were as the sunny rays
That bad the lips of Memnon speak;
Till all the feelings, wild and warm,
My swelling heart had nursed so long,
Yielding to that all-powerful charm,
Burst forth in one full tide of song:
Alas, that dreams so fair should fail;
We met no more in Malhamdale!

Ay, they whose fondness made thee seem
A paradise on earth to me;
The one bright star whose tender beam
Shed light upon my destiny;
The kindly sympathies of love,
The old familiar forms are flown,
And, sered in heart, 't is mine to rove
This cold and desert world alone:
I, only I am left to wail
O'er the lost joys of Malhamdale!

When toiling, 'neath a foreign sky,

For wealth that none are left to share,
How oft would Memory's wistful eye,
Revert to scenes and hours more fair;

MY NATIVE VALE.

The village church, my cottage-home,
With all its clustering woodbines gay,
The glades through which I loved to roam,
In years that seemed but yesterday,
Flashed on my soul, and told a tale
Of youth, and hope, and Malhamdale.

I never closed my wearied eye
But visions sweet as these were mine,
Nor offered up a prayer on high
That did not breathe of thee and thine:
In dreams by night, in dreams by day,
In hours of gloom or revelry,
Sweet scenes of youth's enchanted May,
My thoughts were still of thine and thee!
What now can Memory's light avail;—
What now to me is Malhamdale!

And what am I? An exile pale,
With wasted form and withered heart,
Transplanted to his native vale,
To droop awhile, and then depart;
To think of all that might have been,
Of joys, that gold could never buy;
Just wander o'er each long-loved scene,
Then seek me out a grave and die;

BY SATISFACE

By her I loved, in Males

The factor of the second of th



TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE BARRET.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill, Along the heath, and near his favourite tree; Another came, nor yet lesside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he?

Worthy disciple of his art divine, Whose golden sunsets, rich romantic shores, And pastoral vales, reflect fair Nature's face, In every varying charm her beauty wears,



ave I loved thy pencil! Not a grace ver earth from yon blu- -ult above, At Dawn, Noon, Sunset, Tw t, or when Night Draws o'er the sleeping world her silvery veil, But thou hast traced its source and made thine own! Nay, not an hour that circles through the day, But thou hast marked its influence on the scene, And touched each form with corresponding light; Till all subdued the landscape round assumes,-Like visions seen through Hope's enchanted glass,-A beauty not its own; and "cloud-capped towers," And gorgeous palaces, and temples reared, As if by magic, line the busy strand Of some broad sea, that ripples on in gold To meet the setting sun! Nor less I prize Thy solemn twilight glooms; when to mine eye, Indefinite, each object takes the shape That fancy lists; and in the crimsoned west, Bright as the memory of a blissful dream, As unsubstantial too, the daylight fades, And "leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Primitive Painter! Neither age, nor care, Nor failing health,—though all conspired to mar The calmness of thy soul,—could dim the power Thy pencil caught from Truth. Thou shouldst have lived,

TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE BARRET.

Where sunny Claude his inspiration drew, By Arno's banks, in Tempe's haunted vale; Or learned Poussin, 'neath the' umbrageous oaks Of some old forest, bad his sylvan groups, Goddess with Mortal, Fawn with Dryad joined, To Pan's untutored music circle round. For such the themes thy chastened fancy loved: But now thy sun has set, thy twilight sunk In deepest night, and thou hast sought a sky Where never cloud or shade can vex thee more.



A FAREWELL.

Yes, I will join the world again,
And mingle with the crowd;
And though my mirth may be but pain,
My laughter, wilderment of brain,
At least it shall be loud.

'Tis true, to bow before the shrine
Of heartless revelry,
Is slavery to a soul like mine;
Yet better thus in chains to pine,
Than ever crouch to thee.

Ay, better far to steep the soul
In pleasure's sparkling tide;
Bid joy's unholy sounds control
The maddening thoughts that o'er it roll,
Than wither 'neath thy pride.

A FAREWELL.

Yet I have loved thee—oh, how well!

But words are wild and weak;—

The depth of that pervading spell

I dare not trust my tongue to tell,

And hearts may never speak.

The stubborn pride, none else might rein,
Hath stooped to love and thee;
But, as the pine upon the plain,
Bent by the blast springs up again,
So shall it fare with me.

Though thou hast wrapped me in a cloud,
Nought now may e'er dispel,
In silentness my wrongs I'll shroud,
And love, reproach, pain, passion, crowd
Into one word—Farewell!

"Tis done—the task of soul is taught;
At length I've burst the spell
That, 'round my heart so firmly wrought,
Fettered each loftier, nobler thought;
And now, Farewell—Farewell!



SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye,
'Mid the green waving lindens that graced ye of yore;
Friends of my childhood, once more I enfold ye,
What would my gloom-boding spirit have more!

Scenes of my childhood, in sadness I greet ye,
Can your freshness and bloom youth's gay season restore?
Friends of my childhood, in sorrow I meet ye,
For a welcome is wanting can glad me no more!

Scenes of my childhood, the breath of your flowers
Is loaded with memories too painful for bliss;
Friends of my childhood, there's gloom in your bowers,
Oh, where are the bright beaming glances I miss!

Scenes of my childhood, let strangers possess ye;
Can ye witness again what ye witnessed of yore?
Friends of my childhood, in vain ye caress me,
For the kiss that was sweetest, can charm me no more!

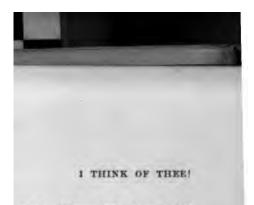
I THINK OF THEE!

I think of thee, I think of thee,
And all that thou hast borne for me;
In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate, And all around is desolate, I pour on life's tempestuous sea The oil of peace with thoughts of thee!

When Fortune frowns, and Hope deceives me, And summer-friendship veers and leaves me, A Timon from the world I flee; My wreck of wealth, sweet dreams of thee!

Or if I join the carcless crowd
Where laughter peals, and mirth grows loud,
Even in my hours of revelry
I think of thee, I think of thee!



I think of thee, I think and sigh
O'er blighted years and bliss gone by;
—
And mourn the stern, severe decree
That hath but left me thoughts of thee!

In youth's gay hours, 'mid Pleasure's boy When all was sunshine, mirth, and flower We met; I bent the' adoring knee, And told a tender tale to thee!

'Twas summer's eve; the heavens above, Earth, ocean, air, were full of love; Nature around kept jubilee, When first I breathed that tale to thee!

The crystal arch that hung on high Was blue as thy delicious eye;—
The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,
Seemed emblems of repose and thee!

I spoke of hope, I spoke of fear,— Thy answer was a blush and tear;— But this was *eloquence* to me, And more than I had asked of thee!

I THINK OF THEB!

I looked into thy dewy eye, And echoed thy half stifled sigh,— I clasped thy hand and vowed to be The soul of love and truth to thee!

That scene and hour have past; yet still Remains a deep, impassioned thrill,— A sun-set glow on memory, That kindles at a thought of thee.

We loved; how wildly, and how well 'T were worse than idle now to tell: From love and life alike thou'rt free, And I am left—to think of thee!

Though years, long years, have darkly sped Since thou wert numbered with the dead, In fancy oft thy form I see,—
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee!

Thy hapless fate, untiring truth;
Are spells that often touch the key
Of sweet but mournful thoughts of thee!

All this, and more, were borne for me;— Then how can I be false to thee!

I never will: I'll think of thee
Till fades the power of memory:
In weal or woe, in gloom or glee,
I'll think of thee! I'll think of thee!

.... CHELL HALLS.

Come, let me pluck that silver hair Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see; The withering type of Time or Care Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee.

THE GREY HAIR.

Years have not yet impaired the grace
That charmed me once, that chains me now;
And I cannot trace
Or placid brow.

Thy features have not lost the bloom

That brightened them when first we met:

No; rays of softest li ht illume

Their unambitious beauty yet.

And if the passing clouds of Care

Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left, triumphant, there
A holier charm—more witching grace.

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness, all its own,
Methinks I never marked before.

Thus, young, and fair, and happy too,—
If bliss indeed may here be won,—
In spite of all that Care can do,
In spite of all that Time hath done;

THE GREY HAIR.

Is you white hair a boon of love,

To thee in mildest mercy given;

A sign, a token from above,

To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay; Of beauty, hastening to the tomb; Of hopes, that cannot fade away; Of joys, that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the thread of timeless snow With those dark, glossy locks entwined, 'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow, To emblem thy maturer mind?

It does, it does:—then let it stay;
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now:
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from Beauty's brow!



My fair-haired boy! as thus I gaze
Upon thy calm, untroubled sleep,
I feel the hopes of other days,—
The cherished hopes for words too deep
Unfold within my heart again,
Like flowers refreshed by summer rain!

The brightness of thy dark blue eye
Still peers its half-closed lids between,
Like glimpses of an April sky
Through clouds of snowy whiteness see
And dimpling smiles are lingering now
Round thy sweet mouth, and sunny brow

The spirit of some gentle dream
Hath kindled, sure, thy glowing cheek
And lent that half-shut eye the beam
Which seems in furtive light to speak
Of tameless glee, of antics wild,
Of 'nods and becks,' my sinless child!

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

October's winds are chill and drear,
And howl our cottage home around,
Whilst emblems of the waning year
In ceaseless eddies strew the ground:
I gaze upon the leafless tree,
And deem it but a type of me.

But when I turn from Nature's waste,
From thoughts those saddening sights can bring,
And look on thee, I seem to taste
The freshness of a second spring;
And feelings, long repressed, arise,
That whisper hopes of brighter skies.

Oh, did not anxious cares alloy
My bliss with thoughts of future ill,
Now might I taste of perfect joy,
My heart with sweetest rapture thrill,
As thus, with yearnings fond and deep,
I watch my guileless infant sleep!

But bodings full of fear will throng,
Unbidden, on my feverish brain;
And thoughts of sickness, blight, and wrong,
Come back upon my heart again:
And, sitting by thy side, I grieve
O'er dreams I cannot choose but weave.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

I turn me to the past, and mourn
That what has been again may be;
I weep, lest ills that I have borne
Should be in store, my child, for thee
To warp thy truth, to cloud thy brow,
And make thee all that I am now:

The slave of anguish that has taught
My harp the echo of my heart,—
Of hopes, with bright enchantment frame
To stir my soul and then depart,—
Of gentle thoughts, inspired to bless,
All turned to tenfold bitterness;—

Of waning health, a wasted frame, Worn by the racking strife within; Of pride not even grief may tame, That weighs upon my heart like sin;

That weighs upon my heart like sin Of glowing visions of delight Dimmed by their own excess of light:

The dupe of every sordid fool,

With just enough of sense to cheat
A simple novice in the school

Where souls grow learned in deceit;
The victim of man's selfish schemes,
For deeming him the thing he seems!

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Till every finer feeling sered,

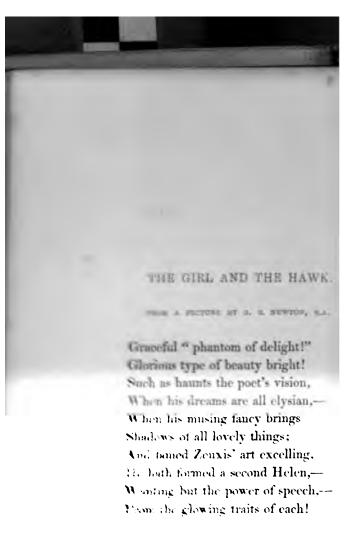
Each kindlier impulse rudely checked,—
Hopes to my trusting youth endeared,

Crushed by unkindness or neglect;
I look around with altered eye,
And deem the world all treachery!

Yet it shall have my blessing still,
And I will worship its decree,
Will bend unmurmuring to its will,
Nay, court its frowns and contumely.
So every wrong it heaps on me
May win its smile, my babe, for thee.

But, lo! those merry eyes unclose,
And dart their thousand meanings round,—
Thy check with fresher crimson glows,
Thy brow with sunnier light is crowned,
As, bursting slumber's silken chain,
Thou bid'st past hopes revive again.

Thus do thou, ever thus, when Care
Flings her dark shadows o'er my way,
And hopes, as perishing as fair,
Like withered leaves have dropped away,
Shed light upon my heart and brow,—
To rapture turn my tears as now!



The She may not vie with thee!
There is a sweet simplicity
There is a sweet time open brow.
Notable of the tipe lips now.
Notable of the thy maiden check
to how the house description weak;
With a high mass all too real
the engages have many.

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THE GIRL AND THE HAWK.

Though an angel's grace is thine,
Though the light is half divine,
That with chastened lustre flashes
From beneath thine eyes' dark lashes;
Yet thy thoughtful forehead fair,
And that sweetly pensive air,
Speak thee but of mortal birth,
An erring, witching child of earth;
In each varied mood revealing
Human hope and human feeling;
Gladsome now—now vowed to sorrow—
Gay to-day if sad to-morrow!

Huntress fair, the sport is over,
Wherefore chain thy feathered rover?
Rich indeed the prize must be,
That could lure him far from thee!
What to him those silken jesses,
Tangled in thy glossy tresses;
Dazzled by thy beauty's light,
Can he plume his wings for flight;
Fettered by a smile so bland,
Will he ever leave thy hand?—
No;—let him on thy beauty feed,
And he'll no firmer jesses need.



Delicious strain! upon my charmed ear, As evening's balmy breath upon a brow Fevered with fruitless watchings, dost thou steal, To bid my world-worn heart retrace the scenes Where first it drank thy sweetness! What a crowd Of home-bred joys, of visions loved and lost, That simple cadence brings; each lengthening note Fraught with its own peculiar memory! Once seemed that song, so passing mournful now, Gay as the dreams of boyhood,—and like them The source of blameless joy to all around; But when in after years, 'mid busier scenes, Again I listened to those wood-notes wild, Methought they sounded sadder than of yore: Yet were they soothing, for my wayward heart, Though something tamed from what it once had been, Was still all hope; and had not wholly lost The buoyant spirit only youth can know! How sad is now that simple song to me; How changed from what it was when life was new,

THE MELODY OF YOUTH.

And like the clouds that gird a summer sun, Tinged with ethereal brightness, all things 'round Gathered their hues of gladness from my heart.

Breathe on! breathe on! 'tis soothing sweet to deem That what thou wert in other years to me,
Thou may'st be still to many a youthful heart,
As joyous, warm, and true as once was mine!
Strain of my youth, all mournful as thou art
To me, the tears thy soft, deep notes awaken
Are grateful as the dew to withered flowers!
And though thy tenderest notes are ever fraught
With memories sad, I would not now recall;
Yet such their magic influence on my soul,
I deem them sweetest when they pain me most!



'T is eve on the ocean, the breeze is in motion,
And swiftly our vessel bounds forth on her way;
The blue sky is o'er us, the world is before us,
Then Helen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!
Why sorrow thus blindly, for those who unkindly
Could launch and then leave us on life's troubled sea;
Who so heartlessly scanted the little we wanted,
And denied us the all that we asked—to be free!
But we've 'scaped from their trammels, the word is "away,"
Then Helen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

TI DAME!

On, on we are speeding, and swiftly receding,

The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue,

Now that gem of earth's treasures, that scene of past pleasures,

The land of our childhood fades fast from our view!

Though thus exiled we sever from England for ever,

We'll make us a home and a country afar;

And we'll build us a bower, where stern Pride has no power,

And the frown of Oppression our bliss may not mar:

We have broken our chain, and the word is "away!"

Then Helen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!



Steal his arrows, break his bow,
From his eyes the film remove!
Clip his wings, and he will grow.
More like Friendship far than Love.



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LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Steal his arrows, break his bow, From his eyes the film remove! Clip his wings, and he will grow More like Friendship far than Love.



Friendship is a safer guest,
When without disguise we find her;
And, where once she makes her nest,
Vows are not required to bind her.

But would Love her eyes but borrow,
Doff his wings, abjure his dart,
He should be my guest to-morrow,
Never more from me to part.

THE DEATH OF POMPEY THE GREAT.

States vanish, ages fly;
But leave one task unchanged—to suffer and to dic.
HEMANS.

Not when his golden eagles flew,
In sun-bright splendour o'er him,
When he came, and saw, and overthrew,
And kings bent down before him;
Not in his hour of regal pride,
When his navies darkening Egypt's tide,
To fame and conquest bore him,—
Did ever Pompey's laurelled brow,
To one fond heart seem bright as now.

When a monarch, ay, almost a god, Rome's fickle legions crowned him; When nations waited on his nod, And myriads thronged around him:

•

TO THE CONTRACTOR OF THE CONTR

THE DEATH OF POMPEY THE GREAT.

Though of all the minions of thy power,
Who once meet homage paid thee;
Who fawned on thee in fortune's hour,
And when it waned betrayed thee;
Not one court-parasite is near,
To mourn above the bloody bier,
Where traitor hands have laid thee;
Two humble friends, with duteous love,
Now bend thy mangled form above.

And gathering from the grasping wave,
The relics of a bark
Wrecked, like the glories of the brave
When fortune's clouds grow dark;
They spread them for thy funeral pile,
Then breathing vengeance deep the while,
Kindle the glowing spark;
And flames, as bright as Truth, arise,
To grace great Pompey's obsequies!



MUSIC.

Mysterious keeper of the key That opes the gates of Memory, Oft, in thy wildest, simplest strain, We live o'er years of bliss again! is bright to jos of a rive of the sits first deep hear of the come of life's delighted and a company of propositions.

thathers of the net, thy tone is a control of our and lovely on a last be somement, below as done to last his con-

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Spell of the dreams of vanished years, Mysterious keeper of the key That opes the gates of Memory;



WEST.

Mysterious keeper of the key That opes the gates of Memory, Oft, in thy wildest, simplest strain, We live o'er years of bliss again!

MUSIC.

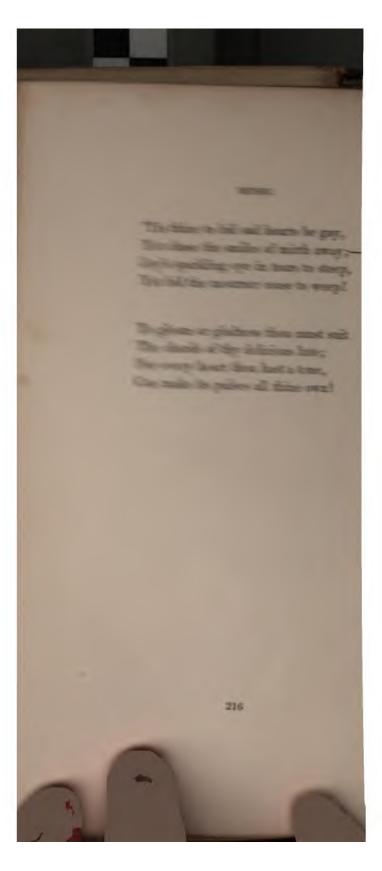
The sun-bright hopes of early youth, Love, in its first deep hour of truth, And dreams of life's delightful morn, Are on thy seraph pinions borne.

To the Enthusiast's heart, thy tone Breathes of the lost and lovely one; And calls back moments, brief as dear, When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

The Exile listens to the song
Once heard his native bowers among;
And straightway on his visions rise
Home's sunny slopes and cloudless skies.

The Warrior, from the strife retired, By Music's stirring strains inspired, Turns him to deeds of glory done, To dangers 'scaped—and laurels won.

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears, Spell of the dreams of vanished years, Mysterious keeper of the key That opes the gates of Memory;





And 'tis morn in the Eastern skies:



Charles to Maring

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MORNING.

Morn,
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbars the gates of light.

Oh, burst the bonds of slumber,
Beloved, awake, arise!
Night's shades are furled
From the breathing world,
And 'tis morn in the Eastern skies:

MORNING.

Flowers, fair and without number,
Unfold their gorgeous dyes;
Morn speeds apace
On her glorious race,
Then open thy star-like eyes;
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!

Rich, milk-white clouds are sailing
Like ships upon stormless seas;
The heavens grow bright
With liquid light,
And fragrance loads the breeze:
Morn's melodies prevailing,
Sweep through the trembling trees;
The lark's in the sky,
And the linnet on high,
And wilt thou be less blithe than these?
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!

The dew-bent rose is baring
Its breast to the golden sun;
New splendours shower
On temple and tower,
And the stir of day's begun:



MORNING.

We'll do a deed of daring
Ere Phœbus' race be run;
Our bark's below,
And the breezes blow,
And our goal will soon be won:—
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!

What recks it to hearts like ours,
Where we resolve to flee?
Not far we'll roam
For a blissful home,
Since Paradise dwells with thee!
We'll steer for Pleasure's bowers,
With Hope, through Life's dark sea;
And Love shall guide
Us through the tide,
And our trusty Pilot be:
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!



"Britannia rules the waves!"
Hark to that thrilling song,
That tells us there shall be no "slaves"
Her stalwart sons among!
That, wheresoe'er her flag may wave,
Her "charter," won from heaven, she'll
Still potent to destroy or save—
Her empire o'er the deep!

Hark to the cannons' roar

As the Island Queen sweeps by!

To the cheers from sea to shore,

That would seem to rend the sky!

Hark, again! What thunders peal,

As those "Wooden Walls" reply!

Till their decks begin to reel

With that burst of loyalty!

QUEEN VICTORIA AT SPITHEAD.

All hail our Ocean Queen!

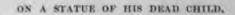
Hail, too, our "Wooden Walls!"

What dreams of glories that have been
That gallant show recalls!

What heroes of the mighty deep,
That long have run their race,
Uprise from their fame-hallowed sleep,
In this familiar place!

Too war-worn to take part
In you heart stirring scene,
Like some bright star that dwells apart,
One ship afar is seen;
Safe, in her honoured age, she sleeps
From storms she once might well defy;
And still the post of honour keeps,
The eidolon of Victory!

And bearing many a glorious name
Of hero-might, or battle-flood,
Snatched from the brightest scroll of Fame,
Are ranged you gallant sisterhood.
Meet spectacle for England's Queen;
Fit homage to her island reign;
Whose proudest boast hath ever been
Her empire o'er the main!



hee in thy beauty, with one hand among other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a pearls;

It the pretty trespass, and she chid thee th smiled,

And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or

I saw thee in thy beauty, and a tear came to mine.

As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thou
thou could'st die;

Thy home was like a summer bower by thy presence made,

But I only saw the sunshine, and I felt alone the s

I saw thee in thy beauty, and a cloud passed brow,

As I thought of one as passing fair, as fondly loved I remembered how at set of sun, I blessed him as I remembered, ere its rising, how his soul had away.

I see thee in thy beauty, for there thou seemest to In slumber resting peacefully, but, oh! that change That fixed serenity of brow, those lips that breamore.

Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert-

ON A STATUE OF HIS DEAD CHILD.

I see thee in thy beauty, with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry dance is over, thy little race is run,
And the mirror that reflected two can now give back
but one.

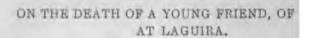
I see thee in thy beauty, with thy mother by thy side, But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of pride;

The smile is absent from her lips, and absent are the pearls,

And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied curls.

I see thee in thy beauty, as I saw thee on that day;
But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with
thy life away;

I see thee lying motionless upon th' accustomed floor, But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes, and I can see no more!



By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed; By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed; By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned; By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned. FOFE.

He left his home with a bounding heart,
For the world was all before him;
And felt it scarce a pain to part,
Such sun-bright dreams came o'er him:
He turned him to visions of future years,
The rainbow's hues were 'round them;
And a father's bodings, a mother's tears,
Might not weigh with the hopes that crowne

That mother's cheek is far paler now,

Than when she last caressed him;

There's an added gloom on that father's brow
Since the hour when last he blessed him:

Oh! that all human hopes should prove
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow;

And the cankering fears of anxious love
Ever end in truth, and sorrow!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

He left his home with a swelling sail,
Of fame and fortune dreaming,—
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,
Or the pennant above him streaming:
He hath reached his goal;—by a distant wave,
'Neath a sultry sun they laid him;
And strangers bent above his grave
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land,
With friends and kindred near him;
Not have withered thus on a foreign strand,
With no cherished friend to cheer him.
But what recks it now? Is his sleep less sound,
Where the breezes wild have swept him,
'Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he loved had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him;
Or share the grief that must cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No; his bark's at anchor, its sails are furled,
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding;
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.

FORGET THEE, NO, NEVER!

Forget thee,—
To the fr d (
Why eml
By suspicion so

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Why cherish a thought ith injustice so fraught; ag moments of bliss afounded as this?

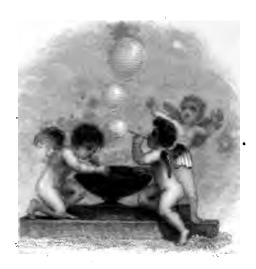
Forget thee,—no, i Love may droop a But affection like our To be chilled in its and Among the light hearted, when the fond ones are parted, o deep and sublime

But affection like our o deep and sublime To be chilled in its ardour by absence or time.

Then, gentle one, banish all doubt from thy breast:
By the kiss that so late on thy lips I impressed;
By the griefs that have blighted the bloom of my years;
By the hope that still calls forth a smile through my tears;

By the hour of our parting, thus sweetly delayed;
By truth deeply tried, and by trust unbetrayed;
I will not forget thee!—Till life's latest ray
In the dark night of death shall have melted away,—

'Mid ambition, fame, poverty, riches, or sadness,— Pain or peril, or hate, or contention, or gladness; Let changes the darkest or brightest betide, Thy memory shall still be my solace and pride!



TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs: Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

Thrice happy Babe! what radiant dreams are thine,
As thus thou bidd'st thine air-born bubbles soar;—
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign
To be, like thee, a careless child, once more.

To share thy simple sports, and sinless glee;
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight.
As, one by one, those sun-touched glories flee,
In swift succession, from thy straining sight!

TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

To feel a power within himself to make,

Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes;

To dream of sunshine, and like thee to 'wake

To brighter visions, from his charmed repose.

Who would not give his all of worldly lore,—
The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share.

Yet Life hath bubbles too, that soothe a while
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile
But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel-touch, to tears.

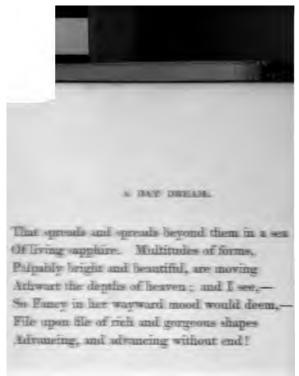
Thrice happy Child! a brighter lot is thine;
(What new illusion e'er can match the first?)
We mourn to see each cherished hope decline;
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst.

A DAY DREAM,

WRITTEN AFTER THE AUTHOR'S RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please.
COLERIDGE.

Why, what a Paradise is earth to-day! Some heavy torpor must have locked my soul In dull, unvarying listlessness till now! Some envious film must sure have dimmed my eyes, And veiled this world of beauty from my sight, For long, long years!—You ever glorious sun Darts his life-giving beams upon my heart, And stirs it to a deeper sense of bliss Than e'er it felt before. My pulses grow Instinct with new existence, fresher life; And all around me gathers as I gaze, Hues of a more pervading loveliness Than it was wont to wear! The clouds above Flow on like molten silver; now and then Fretted with crimson tinges, and anon Streaked with the deep blue of the upper sky,



Throned in a par, involven of the beams Of the less-inding on, whose distance wheels Leave a long Tail of giory is they speed. I swers the mighty and majestic form Of the Imperial Caprain:—Him who led The forces of the Commisciont against The dark and daring Lucufer, and harled The " race rebellious" to " combustion down " And "hortomicss perdition!" On his brow. His starry brow, a coronal is wreathed. Worthy the temples of the King of kings! His shining sword is sheathless, and its blade. Like a death-dooming meteor ere it falls In ruin upon earth, flashes in light, In terrible light, whichever way it turns! Celestial scorn, defiance without pride, And all the wrath the son of God may own, Hath curled his lip in beautiful disdain.

A DAY DREAM.

In the distance,

A huge, slow moving mass appears to rise
Darkening the sky. I look again, and lo!
Myriads of forms, in phalanx firm conjoined,
Press on to ruin in one turbulent host
'Gainst the celestial Chief. In the van,
The master Demon lifts his lordly crest
In proud and insolent triumph, and abroad
Waves his tremendous falchion! In his eye,
Pride, hate, ambition, cruelty are glassed,
As in a mirror. O'er his lofty front
His ebon locks, Medusa-like, are wreathed
In many a snaky fold; and on his brow,
Undiademed, are throned revenge sublime,
Bloated defiance, lust of pomp and power,
And resolution not to be subdued.

Those hostile bands advance, and now have gained Midway the arch of heaven!—They pause a while,—Then to the charge, and straight from pole to pole, The bray of battle rings!

The sun hath dropped Into the blushing bosom of the West,
And with him the bright pageant too hath vanished!
The clash of helm and shield, the sounds of war,



Fancy had wafted on my dreaming ear, Have sunk to nce. Not a breath disturbs The deep serene around me; and above, Rises a lofty cupola of sky, In blue, eye-soothing beauty and repose! No battling scraphim are there; but clouds Slow sailing on, in placid loveliness, Like pleasure-barques upon a summer sea. No shields and helms shine forth in dazzling I But where the God of day hath left his smile, Are countless hues cameleon-like that change As the glance strives to trace them, and become Momently deeper than before; anon, Twilight begins to weave her fairy web Of light and gloom, and, from the deepening I Night spreads her ebon arms to clasp the world



MEET ME AT SUNSET.

Meet me at sunset, the hour we love best, Ere day's last crimson blushes have died in the west; When the shadowless ether is blue as thine eye, And the breeze is as balmy and soft as thy sigh; When giant-like forms lengthen fast o'er the ground From the motionless mill and the linden trees round; When the stillness below, the mild radiance above, Softly sink on the heart, and attune it to love.

MEET ME AT SUNSET.

Meet me at sunset,—oh! meet me once more,
'Neath the wide-spreading thorn where you met me of yore
When our hearts were as calm as the broad summer sea
That lay gleaming before us, bright, boundless, and free;
And, with hand clasped in hand, we sat spell-bound, and
deemed

That life would be ever the thing it then seemed:— The tree we then planted, green record, lives on, But the hopes that grew with it are faded and gone.

Meet me at sunset, beloved, as of old,

When the boughs of the chestnut are waving in gold;

When the starry clematis bends down with its bloom,

And the jasmine exhales a more 'witching perfume.

That sweet hour shall atone for the anguish of years,

And though fortune still frown, bid us smile through ou tears:

Through the storms of the future shall soothe and sustain Then, meet me at sunset—oh, meet me again!

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF A SEA-SHELL.

Murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences, whereby
To his belief the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.

WORDSWORTH.

Voice of the deep, illimitable sea,

Discarded offspring of the wind and wave!

That, like a captive struggling to be free,

Thus ever moan'st in thy mysterious cave,—

Art thou a syren, by some sea-god's spell,

Prisoned in this smooth shell!

Or, but a spirit of the vasty deep,

Called up to earth by some enchanter's wand?—

Whose was the charm that broke thy long, cold sleep,
And sent thee, murmuring, from thy parent sand?

How wert thou ushered to the realms of day,

Syren or spirit, say?

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF A SEA-SHELL.

Yet more,—I would know more! I burn to pierce
The hidden secrets of thine ocean home;—
Where are the victims of its surges fierce,
Who dreamed of calms, to wake amid their foam;
The souls that perished 'neath the stormy wave,
When none were nigh to save?

Where are the stately ship and gallant crew,
Whose hapless is sealed to all beside;
The warrior bold a t ar that never knew;
The gentler hearts that death could not divide?
Where are the lost and loved so many seek?
Speak, I conjure thee, speak!

How dost thou answer? With a low, sweet dirge,
Sad as the booming of the sullen main,
The far-off warnings of the restless surge,
When storms are growing into strength again!
Perchance a requiem for the glorious dead,
Youth, beauty, valour, fled.

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Whate'er thy source and purpose, I rejoice
To list thy mystic murmurings, soft and clear:
To me thou seemest like a still, small voice,
By Conscience whispered in my world-vexed ear,
To lead my soul from groveling things of earth,
To hopes of loftier birth!



THE WEDDING DAY.

The last! the last! the last!
Oh, by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred!
CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Nay, chide me not! I cannot chase
The gloom that wraps my soul away;
Nor wear, as erst, the smiling face
That best beseems this hallowed day:
Fain would my yearning heart be gay,
Its wonted welcome breathe to thine;
But sighs come blended with my lay,
And tears of anguish blot the line.

I cannot sing, as once I sung
Our bright and cheerful hearth beside;
When gladness ruled my heart and tongue,
And looks of fondest love replied:
The meaner cares of earth defied,
We heeded not its outward din,
How loud soe'er the storm might chide,
So all was calm and fair within.

THE WEDDING DAY.

A blight upon our bliss hath come;
We are not what we were of yore—
The music of our heart is dumb;
Our fireside mirth is heard no more!
The little cricket's chirp is o'er
That filled our happy home with glee;
The dove hath fled whose pinions bore
Healing and peace for thee and me.

Our youngest born, our autumn flower,
The best beloved, because the last;
The star that shone above our bower,
When many a cherished dream had passed;
The one sweet hope, that o'er us cast

Its rainbow form of life and light, And smiled defiance on the blast, Hath vanished from our eager sight.

Oh! sudden was the wrench that tore
Affection's firmest links apart,
And doubly barbed the shaft we wore
Deep in each bleeding heart of heart:
For who can bear from bliss to part,
Without one sign, one warning token;
To sleep in peace, then wake, and start,
To find life's fairest promise broken?

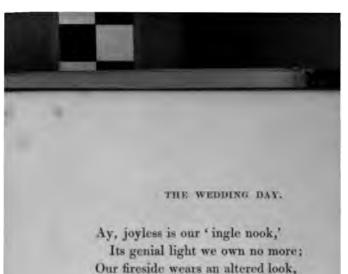


THE WEDDING DAY.

When last this cherished day came round,
What aspirations sweet were ours;
Fate, long unkind, our hopes had crowned,
And strewn, at length, our path with flowers.
How darkly now the prospect lowers;
How thorny is our homeward way;
How more than sad the evening hours
That used to glide like bliss away.

And, half infected by our gloom,
You little mourner sits and sighs;
Ilis playthings, scattered 'round the room,
No more attract his listless eyes:
Mutely his infant task he plies,
Or moves with soft and stealthy tread;
And called, in tones subdued replies,
As if he feared to wake the dead.

Where is the blithe companion gone,
Whose sports he loved to guide and share?
Where is the merry child who won
All hearts to fondness? Where, oh, where!
The empty crib, the vacant chair,
The favourite toy, alone remain,
To whisper to our hearts' despair
Of hopes we cannot feel again.



Ay, joyless is our 'ingle nook,'
Its genial light we own no more;
Our fireside wears an altered look,
A gloom it never knew before!
The converse sweet, the cherished lore,
That once could cheer our stormiest day
Those revels of the soul are o'er,
Those simple pleasures passed away.

Then chide me not, I cannot sing
A song befitting love and thee;
"My heart and harp have lost the string"
On which hung half their melody:
Yet soothing sweet it is to me,
Since fled the smiles of happier years,
To know that still our hearts are free,
Betide what may, to mingle tears.



Though many an age hath passed away Fair Sappho since thy birth, Thy name, as a familiar sound, Still lingers on the earth.

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SAPPHO.

It was her ovil star above,

Not her sweet lute that wrought her wrong;
It was not song that taught her love,

But it was love that taught her song.

E. W. S.

Though many an age hath passed away Fair Sappho since thy birth, Thy name, as a familiar sound, Still lingers on the earth.



Thy history, 'twas no common lot;
Thy wreath how dearly won!
The idol of a thousand hearts,
That sighed in vain for one!

Thus fared it in the days of old,
And thus it fares to-day:
Genius but gives to froward Fate
A double barb to slay.



TO OCTAVIA,

THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE LAIR JOHN LARKING, ESQ.

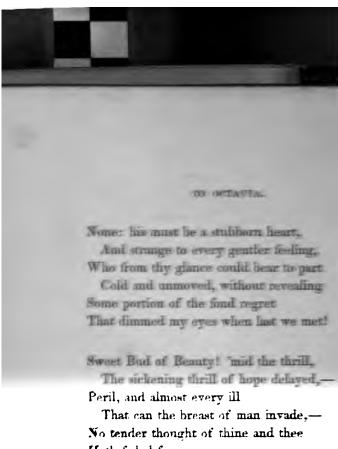
Full many a gloomy month hath passed,
On flagging wing, regardless by,
Unmarked by aught, save grief, since last
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,
And bade my lyre pour forth for thee
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy?
For all my joys are withered now,
The hopes I most relied on thwarted,
And sorrow hath o'erspread my brow
With many a shade since last we parted:
Yet, 'mid this murkiness of lot,
Young Peri, thou art unforgot!

There are who love to trace the smile

That dimples upon Childhood's cheek,
And hear from lips devoid of guile

The dictates of the bosom break:
Ah, who of such could look on thee

Without a wish to rival me!



Peril, and almost every ill

That can the breast of man invade,—
No tender thought of thine and thee
Hath faded from my memory:
For I have dwelt on each dear form

Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness,
And that remembrance seemed to charm,
Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness;
And now, again, I breathe a lay
To hail thee on thy natal day!

Oh, might my fervent prayers prevail
For blessings on thy future years,
Or innocence, like thine, avail
To save thee from affliction's tears,—
Each moment of thy life should bring
Some new delight upon its wing:

TO OCTAVIA.

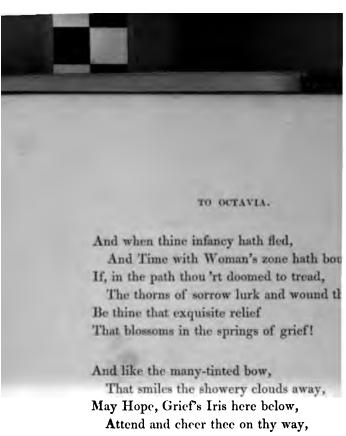
And the wild sparkle of thine eye,

Thy guilelessness of soul revealing,
Beam ever thus as brilliantly;

Undimmed, save by those gems of feeling,
Those soft, luxurious drops that flow
In pity for another's woe!

But vain the wish; it may not be;
Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,
Or hearts from sinful passion free
Here hope for unalloyed delight,
Then, those who watch thine opening bloom
Had never known an hour of gloom:
No; if the chastening stroke of Fate
On guilty heads alone descended,
They would not sure have felt its weight,
In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,
Life's kindliest social virtues move
In one unfailing tide of love.

Then since upon this earth joy's beams
Are fading, frail, and few in number,
And melt like the light-woven dreams
That steal upon the mourner's slumber;
Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear
The ills that heaven may bid thee share:



That smiles the showery clouds away,
May Hope, Grief's Iris here below,
Attend and cheer thee on thy way,
Till full of years, thy cares at rest,
Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest!
Young Sister of a mortal Nine,
Farewell! perchance a long farewell!
Though griefs unnumbered yet be mine,—

Though griefs unnumbered yet be mine,—
Griefs, Hope may vainly strive to quell,'Twill half unteach my soul to pine,
If there be bliss for thee and thine!

1817.

Naiada" the subject of a Latin Poem.

CAMPSTEL'S LIPS OF PETRABULE

Not by his song, although its notes were sweet As though his lips had only honey known; Nor by his love, it was a flame unmeet, Did Petrarch make all hearts, save one, his own!



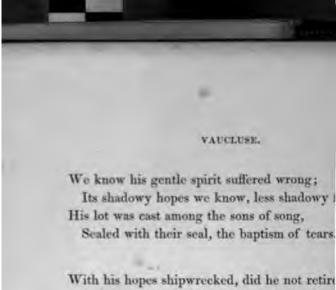
1817.



STANZAS WRITTEN AT VAUCLUSE.

Petrarch spent the greater part of the summer of 1346 at Vaucluse. During his former sojourn there, he had, by confining the stream of the Sorgue, gained a small piece of ground, which he converted into a garden; but the river overflowed its artificial bank, and he was finally compelled to ahandon it. He has made his "Battle with the Naiada" the subject of a Latin Poem.

Not by his song, although its notes were sweet As though his lips had only honey known; Nor by his love, it was a flame unmeet. Did Petrarch make all hearts, save one, his own!

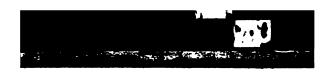


With his hopes shipwrecked, did he not retire To sternest lore in manhood's golden prime Bid Learning's half-extinguished torch aspire. And his own tongue make perfect for all tir

Cimmerian darkness veiled the Muses' land,
"Till he arose and set the captives free:
For this her sons still bless his gracious hand;
For this her daughters still bow down the k

And do I stand where he himself hath stood;
And do mine eyes behold what his have see
A dream perchance of even the self-same moo
My spirit knows, as on his own hath been.

There wells his fountain clear as Castaly;
There in its might his river foams along;
There frowns the stately castle still on high,
Whose every stone is vocal with his song.



VAUCLUSE.

Valclusa's plains are rugged as before
His classic hand their ruggedness would till;
And for his garden, as he said of yore,
"The Muses and the Naiads battle" still.

Fair is the scene,—yet earth owns many such;
There doth the heart more than the eye behold;
There was it that his mind's irradiate touch
Turned, like the sun, life's common things to gold.

All that the spirit loathes around was spread;
Rapine and wrong the mastery had obtained;
His genius stood between the quick and dead,
And "the great plague" of grossness was restrained.



Among the nobles charged with being the accomplices of Duke John at the assassination of the usurper Albert of Austria in 1308, was the Bar Vinder-Wart; and although, as is clear from the concurring testimony; historians, he had taken no part whatever in the affair, he was seized by surviving daughter of the tyrant, and, after a mock trial, condemned to alive upon the whoel. For three days and two nights did he endure, without the fearful agony of his cruel mode of punishment, during the whole of his wife, a beautiful young woman of the illustrious house of Balm, kept whim, regardless of either food or shelter, with the most heroic firmne evening of the third day, his frame having become exhausted by the interafferings, he murmured faintly the words, "Gertrude, this is fidelity us and expired. His unhappy lady retired soon afterwards to a convent at Eshe died of a broken heart.

'Tis morn: o'er Kyburg's castled crag day's fu streak appears,

Like the ray of Truth through Error's mists, or through Woman's tears;

With gradual step it glides along, from cloud to and now

Bathes in a flood of living light Mongarten's fi brow.

The sun looks out, the heavens are gay, the earth them shines,

And the fitful breeze hath ceased to toss you broad sea of pines;

WOMAN'S LOVE.

- The storm that lately ravaged earth hath sunk into its lair,
- And left "a scene of power to charm all sadness save despair!"
- Beneath you mountain's gloomy crest a crowd is gathering fast,

- To see, on murder's hellish wheel, a hero breathe his last:
- What though his quivering clay be cold before that sun hath set,
- Draw near, a noble lesson learn, it is not soulless yet!
- Mangled, and bleeding at each pore, denied the bliss to die,
- Coiled 'round that dread machine he lies in fearful agony;
- Two days exposed to sun and storm and bleaching in the blast,
- Those ghastly limbs have struggled there, but this will be the last.
- Not his the crime for which he writhes, not his the 'vengeful dart,
- Launched with unerring aim, that lodged in Albert's tyrant heart;

WOMAN'S LOVE.

But when the cloud of blight descends, of darkness and despair,

Upon the trusted head and heart, what will not Woman dare!

That scene is all deserted now, that martyr's pangs no more;

And she who soothed his parting hour, her vigil too is o'er;

For when her last sad hope was gone, her stricken heart to hide,

She sought a covert from her foes, wrenched out the dart, and died.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

- The aid denied to her on earth she craves from One above,
- And sure, if mortal prayers avail, hers will not bootless prove!
- They brained her babe before her eyes, even smiling in its sleep;
- They wrenched her Rudolph from her arms, she shricked, but did not weep;
- She heard the sentence of their hate, but still she shed no tear;
- They marred her beauty with their chains; she burst them, and is here!
- Awed by such more than mortal love, the ruthless slaves around,
- Even to the minister of death, are silent and spell-bound;
- They dare not for their souls approach what to their wondering eyes
- Shews like some radiant seraph form descended from the skies.
- Well may they deem her not of earth, for earth hath seldom seen
- Such holy love, such fervid faith, so suffering yet serene;



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dare!

That scene is all deserted now, that martyr's more;

And she who soothed his parting hour, her v o'er;

For when her last sad hope was gone, her stricto hide,

She sought a covert from her foes, wrenched ou and died.



Strange that stone walls should have the power to fill.

The heart with gladness, and the eye with tears:
Like a tired child that gains its mother's breast,
I enter in, and feel my soul at rest!

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AMIENS CATHEDRAL

The House of God is the Home of the sorrowful,

The doors unfold! I gaze with breathless thrill;
All that my fancy pictured there appears;
Strange that stone walls should have the power to fill
The heart with gladness, and the eye with tears:
Like a tired child that gains its mother's breast,
I enter in, and feel my soul at rest!

AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

I might not speak, too sacred seemed the spe I could not sigh, for peace was with me th The world with all its idle cares forgot:

Oh, were thine architects but sinful men! An atmosphere of heaven seemed breathing Thy walls hade welcome, though without a s

Silence descended like a brooding dove;
Pontiff, procession, all had passed away;
Motion was not, save that the hand of love
Pointed from twilight to the perfect day!
I stilled my heart, and held my breath to her
Words that seemed whispering in my dream:

- 'Hath love of glory taught thine heart to sig Honour's bright wreath, the thirst for high Lured thee, from step to step, to climb on hi Then dashed the chalice and the votary do Foiled, crushed, and trampled spirit, draw th A world-rejected heart is cherished here!
- Hath love beguiled thee with his promise fa
 Bliss unalloyed, affection's self unchilled,
 Won thy young heart to give thee back desp
 A poisoned cup from sweetest flowers disti
 Leave withered hopes for those that ne'er gre
 A love unchangeable is promised here.





AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

'Gifted of nature, spendthrift of the mind,
A golden idol is thy master-taste;
Let go each cherished sin, howe'er refined,
The hidden talent, feelings run to waste:
Dreamer awake, shake off thy coward fear,
Gird up thy loins, and know thy strength is here!

'Regretful spirit, brooding o'er the past,
Achievements high conceived, but never won;
Draw near and down thy heavy burthen cast,
Remorse for "good received, and evil done:"
Give passion utterance and free way the tear,
Sorrow that worketh joy awaits thee here!

'Heart-broken prodigal, why stand afar;
This House of Refuge, is it not for thee?
World-spent and wearied with life's ceaseless jar,
Shake off thy bondage, triumph, and be free:
Welcome awaits thee, plenteous is the cheer;
Peace to thee, weary one, thy rest is here!

'Sorrowful spirit, whatsoe'er the grief
That forged thy fetter, make that grief thy plea;
HE who in suffering was the Martyr-Chief,
Hath balm for all, whate'er the wound may be:
A shadowy path leads to a cloudless sphere,
But till ye gain it, know your home is here!'



Who can bring healing to her heart's despair, Her whole rich sum of happiness lies there! chole.

Pale is his cheek with deep, impassioned thou Save when a feverish heetic crosses it, Flooding its lines with crimson. From benear The long, dark fringes of its drooping lid Flash forth the fitful glances of his eye With an unearthly brightness. On that lid The swelling brow weighs heavily, as though



Too well divineth he the voiceless woe
That breathes in each unbidden sigh, and beams
From her large, loving eyes! Too well he knows



Bursting with thought for utterance too intense! His lip is curled with something too of pride Which ill beseems the meekness and repose That should, at such an hour, within his heart, Spite of this world's vexations, be combined. 'T is not disdain; for only those he loves Are near him now, with soft, low-whispered words Tendering heart-offered services, and watching, With fond inquietude, the couch on which His slender form reclines. What can it be?— Perchance some rooted memory of the past; Some dream of injured pride that fain would wreak Its force on dumb expression;—some fierce wrong That his young soul hath suffered unappeased: But thoughts like these must be dispelled before That soul can plume its wings to part in peace. And now his glance is lifted to the face Of one who bends above him with an air Of fond solicitude, and props his head, With her own graceful arm, until at length The sliding pillow is replaced; but, ere His check may press on its uneven down, Her delicate hand hath smoothed it. Too well divineth he the voiceless woe That breathes in each unbidden sigh, and beams From her large, loving eyes! Too well he knows

That grief and keen anxiety for him Have chased the rose from her once brilliant cheek. His quivering lips unclose, as if to pour The fond acknowledgments of duteous love In that sweet mourner's ear; but his parched tongue Its aid refuses. Gathering then each ray, Each vivid ray, of feeling from his heart Into a single focus, in his eye His inmost soul is glassed, and love, deep love, And grateful admiration, beam confessed In one wild, passionate glance! The gentle girl Basks her awhile in that full blaze, then stoops, And, hiding her pale face upon his breast, Murmurs sounds inarticulate but sweet As the low wail of summer's evening breath Amid the wind-harp's strings. Then bursts the tide Of woe that may no longer be repressed, Stirred from its source by chill, hope-withering fears, And from her charged 'lids big drops descend In swift succession. With more tremulous hand Clasps she the sufferer's neck. Upon his brow The damps of death are settling, and his eyes Grow fixed and meaningless. She marks the change With desperate earnestness; and staying even Her breath, that nothing may disturb the hush, Lays her wan cheek still closer to his heart,

And listens, as its varying pulses move,
Haply to catch a sound betokening life.
It beats—again—another—and another,—
And now hath ceased for ever! What a shriek,
A shrill and soul-appalling shriek bursts forth,
When the full truth hath rushed upon her brain!
Who may describe the rigidness of frame,
The stony look of hopeless misery
With which she hangs o'er that unmoving clay?
Not I; my pencil hath no further power,
So here I'll drop the Grecian painter's veil!



Sweet pastoral Vale! when hope was your And life looked green and bright as the Ere this world's toils or cares had flung A shade of sadness on my brow,—A loiterer in thy sylvan bowers, I whiled away uncounted hours, And by thine own sequestered stream, Poured forth in song love's first, wild dreat

Bright River, as it lapsed along
In glory on its winding way,
Like Youth's first hopes, rejoicing, strong,
And full of heaven's own hues as they,
I little thought that storms would fling
Their shadows o'er so fair a thing;
Or that my course would ever be
Less calm than then it seemed to me.



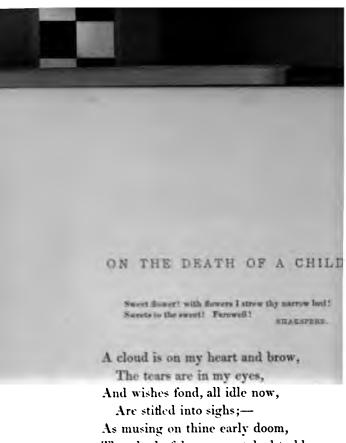
ON REVISITING A SCENE OF EARLY LIFE.

I came when wintry winds were high,
And storms were hurtling in the air;
Thy river rushed a torrent by,
Thy skies were dim, thy trees were bare;
And that lone ruin erst that rose
An emblem of thy charmed repose,
Seemed struggling with the fitful blast,
Like some gaunt spectre of the Past.

A change was in my aching breast,
As dark as that I found in thee;
Thoughts, as thy waves impetuous, pressed
O'er my sad soul tumultuously,
As gazing on that altered scene,
I thought of what we both had been:
I see thee calm and fair once more;
When will my stormier day be o'er?

And thou art now a fairy dream

To stir the source of sweetest tears;
Thy sun-touched fane, and sparkling stream,
My beacon-lights to other years:
Oh, might my world-worn spirit close
Its weary pinions in repose,
I would not ask more perfect bliss
Than such a resting-place as this!



And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs;—
As musing on thine early doom,
Thou bud of beauty snatched to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies,
I turn, thy painful struggle past,
From what thou art to what thou wast!

I think of all thy winning ways,

Thy frank but boisterous glee,

Thy arch, sweet smiles, thy coy delays,

Thy step, so light and free;

Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,

Thy gladness when the task was done

And gained thy mother's knee;—

Thy gay, good-humoured, childish ease,

And all thy thousand arts to please!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Where are they now, and where, oh where,
The eager, fond caress,
The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
The lips all sought to press?
The open brow, and laughing eye,
The heart that leaped so joyously?
Ah! had we loved them less!
Yet there are thoughts can bring relief,
And sweeten even this cup of grief.

Thou hast escaped a thorny scene,
A wilderness of woc,
Where many a blast of anguish keen
Had taught thy tears to flow;
Perchance some wild and withering grief
Had sered thy summer's earliest leaf,
In these dark bowers below,
Or sickening thrills of hope deferred,
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred!

Thou hast escaped life's fitful sea
Before the storm arose,
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
From aught that marred repose;

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Safe from the thousand throes of pain, Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain Upon thine opening rose;— And who can calmly think of this, Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss?

1 culled from home's beloved bowers
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flower
That summer's dews may steep:
The rosebud, emblem meet, was there,
The violet blue, and jasmine fair
That drooping seemed to weep;—
And now I add this lowlier spell:—
Sweets to the passing sweet, farewell!



The dim, religious light of old that cast

Mysterious beauty on its haunts hath flown!

Science, with eye of microscopic power,
And disenchanting lamp, from land to land,
With railroad speed continues still to scour,
Till scarce a spot on earth remains unscanned.





EGYPT UNVISITED.

SHARBSTED BY MIL DAVID SOBERYS'S SOTPTIAN SECTORS.

The poetry of earth is fading fast;
It hath no region it can call its own;
The dim, religious light of old that cast
Mysterious beauty on its haunts hath flown!

Science, with eye of microscopic power,
And disenchanting lamp, from land to land,
With railroad speed continues still to scour,
Till scarce a spot on earth remains unscanned.



EGYPT UNVISITED.

Even the vast Pyramid hath now become
A thing whose secrets all are known too we
The Harp of Memnon is for ever dumb;
And even the Sphinx hath nothing left to t

The Nile, so long a river of the heart,

Hath now no mystic problem to unveil;

And its drear desert, once a thing apart

From common roads, we soon may cross by

No green easis now enchants the eye,
With its tall palms and fountains bubbling.
The desert ship we loved in days gone by,
Is but a camel now, "and nothing more!"

Then why through Egypt should I seek to roa Fancy to feed with scenes that will but moc With graphic Roberts for my guide (at home) And Murray's trusty "Hand-Book" in my

THE AVALANCHE.

'Tis Night; and Silence with unmoving wings
Broods o'er the sleeping waters;—not a sound
Breaks its most breathless hush. The sweet moon flings
Her pallid lustre on the hills around,
Turning the snows and ices that have crowned,
Since Chaos reigned, each vast, untrodden height,
To beryl, pearl, and silver;—whilst, profound,
In the calm, waveless lake, reflected bright,
And girt with arrowy rays, rests her full orb of light.

The' eternal mountains momently are peering
Through the dark clouds that mantle them; on high
Their glittering crests majestically rearing,
More like to children of the infinite sky,
Than of the dædal earth. Triumphantly,
Prince of the whirlwind, Monarch of the scene,
Mightiest where all are mighty; from the eye
Of mortal man half hidden by the screen
Of mists that veil his base from Arve's dark, deep ravine,

THE AVALANCHE.

Stands the magnificent Montblanc; his brow
Scarred with innumerous thunders;—most sublime,
Even as though risen from the world below
To mark the progress of Decay; by clime,
Storm, blight, fire, earthquake, lessened not; like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by,
Doomed by a heavenly fiat still to climb,
Swell and increase with years incessantly,
Then yield at length to thee, most dread Eternity!

Hark! there are sounds of tumult and commotion
Hurtling in murmurs on the distant air,
Like the wild music of a wind-lashed ocean;—
They rage, they gather now; you valley fair
Still sleeps in moon-bright loveliness, but there
Methinks a form of horror I behold
With giant-stride descending! 'Tis Despair,
Riding the rushing Avalanche; now rolled
From you steep slope—by whom—what mortal may unfold!

Perchance a breath from fervid Italy Unloosed the air-hung thunderer; or the tone Poured from some hunter's horn; or, it may be, The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down

THE AVALANCHE.

The overwhelming ruin on the vale.

Howbeit a mystery to man unknown,

"T was but some unseen power that did prevail,

For an inscrutable end, its slumbers to assail.

Madly it bursts along, like a broad river
That gathers strength in its most fierce career;
The black and lofty pines a moment quiver
Before its breath, but, as it draws more near,
Crash—and are seen no more. Fleet-footed Fear,
Pale as that white-robed minister of wrath,
In silent wilderment her face doth rear,
And, having gazed upon its blight and scathe,
Flies with the swift chamois from its death-dooming path!



I always loved thee gentle Poesy!

And though thou oft hast served to work me w
Do love thee still;—nurtured beneath thine ey
"For me the meanest, simplest flowers that ble
Have often thoughts that lie too deep for tears
Not all the joys the multitude can know
Should e'er seduce my bosom to forego
Thy sacred influence: yet from earliest years,
Like that frail plant whose shrinking leaves be
The careless pressure of an idle hand,
My heart, unschooled in guile, could ne'er cor
Its hecties of the moment:—let thy ray,
Then, thou sweet source of sorrow and deligh
Beam on thy votary's soul with more attemper



THE HOME OF TALLESSIN.

The remains, consisting of little more than the foundation-stones, of the dwelling of the celebrated Welsh bard Taliessin, are still pointed out in a romantic gorge of the mountains near Llanrwyst, at no great distance from the Druid waves of Llynn Geirionedd. The view which is commanded from this spot is one of the most picturesque that can be imagined.

I stood on the spot where the famed Taliessin,
"The Prince of the Bards," had his dwelling of old;
Sad thoughts on my memory, unbidden, were pressing,
Of hopes wildly thwarted, and friendships grown cold!

Eve was yielding to twilight; yet still richly glowing, The deep skies reflected the sun that had fled; And below me, in musical murmurs, were flowing The bright purple waters of Llynn Geirionedd.

I looked on the mighty hills gathered around it,—
Like Titans they stood, with their cloud-girded brows;
And I thought of the minstrel whose genius had crowned
it,

As I gazed on their summits of shadows and snows.

THE HOME OF TALIESSIN.

I called on his name who had roused from her slur Sweet Echo, how oft, in her deep-hidden lair; I asked, where, and oh where, breathes he now h

numbers?

And the mountains around answered, where, where?

Years have fleeted since then;—but in sickness and s
As I muse on the hopes that once promised so fa
I ask, where, and oh where, are those visions of gl
And my bosom's deep cell echoes, where,
where?

I WILL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE!

I will never love thee more,
Though I loved thee once so well;
Why, a prodigal, the store
Of my bosom's inmost cell,
Should I waste on one who ne'er
Won a truthful heart before;
Let who will thy favour share,
I will never love thee more!

I will never love thee more!
Wherefore to an idol bow,
Why a deity adore,
Heartless, hollow, cold as thou!
Fools the facile smiles may win,
That 't was mine to win of yore;
Worship misapplied, is sin;
I will never love thee more!

I WILL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE!

I will never love thee more,

Though I loved thee once so well;
Love's illusion now is o'er,

Take then, take my last farewell!
Should thy practised wiles again

Touch some truthful bosom's core,
Be the thought not stirred in vain,

Why I ne'er can love thee more!



Beautiful fictions of our trusting youth,
(Visious we sigh that we have only dreamed!)
When Fancy mocked the searching gaze of Truth,
And the whole earth with bright enchantments teemed;



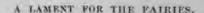


A LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

O, ye have lost.

Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throng
That peopled your green solitudes, and filled.
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed.
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths.
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners I.

Beautiful fictions of our trusting youth,
(Visions we sigh that we have only dreamed!)
When Fancy mocked the searching gaze of Truth,
And the whole earth with bright enchantments teemed;



How have we loved to forest glades to flee;
By haunted streams (in thought) to take our st
To watch you circling round the greenwood tree,
Or trace your gambols on the moonlit strand!

Or, when in gorgeous panoply arrayed,
To grace some pageant of the Elfin Queen,
You pricked along, a gallant cavalcade,
Painting the verdant turf a livelier green!

Nor less we loved you, when, with pitying air,
And hand beneficent, around you showered
Gifts, might the world's and nature's spite repair,
And leave the homeliest maiden doubly dowered

But the bright realm of Fairyland is gone; Its Iris-tinted train hath passed away; And Ariel, Mab, Titania, Oberon, But grace the painter's scene, or poet's lay!

Even Puck, dear imp of mischief and of mirth,
"O'er hill and dale," at length, hath ceased to:
Though long-cared Bottoms cumber still the earth
Whose "asses' nowls" he is not here to change

A LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

The "Sword of Sharpness" is no longer keen;
The "Seven League Boots" we distance, now, at will;
Our sole surviving "Giant" is the Spleen;
Which we, like David, with a stone can kill!*

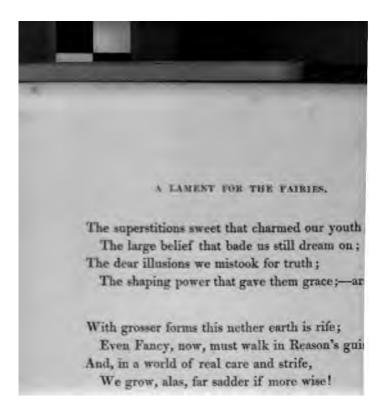
No more, no more, upon the velvet mead, On mushroom tables, are your banquets spread; No more, with flying feet, the dance you speed, 'Till dimming glow-worms hint 'tis time for bed!

No "fairy favours" now reward the fair;
Nor pearls nor diamonds from her lips are told;
No elfin matron makes her bliss her care,
With purse exhaustless, filled with fairy gold!

Your aid unseen, like angel-help, in vain,
The toil-worn hind may, in his strait, implore;
The "shadowy flail," to ease his task, will rain
Its stalwart blows in his behoof no more!

Virtue no longer, in her sorest needs,
By fairy hands is rescued from her thrall;
And rampant Vice, how dark soe'er his deeds,
Your well-carned frowns may now no more appal!

. Fling but a stone the Giant dies !- GREEN's STLEEN.



There is no love in this material age,
For shapes impalpable, we cannot clutch;
Knowledge hath spread so wide her ample page
That, for our bliss, we often learn too much!

The broad, fierce glare of her pervading light, Is too intense for forms all fancy-born; That owe mysterious beauty to the night, But melt beneath the earliest rays of morn.

Yet these fair fictions of our earlier day,
We have but changed for guides less kind and
The glittering cheats that lead us now astray,
Are falser far than those of Fairyland!

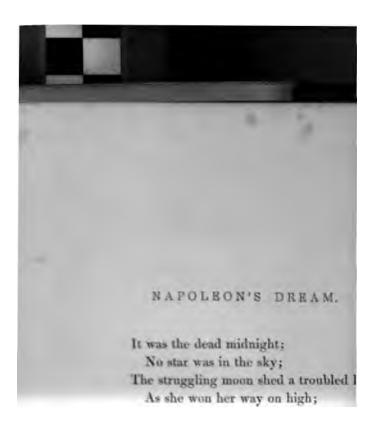


A LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

Love, Friendship, Hope, Ambition, Glory, Pride, All, ignis-fatuus-like, by turns, invite; But when we follow, make a circuit wide, Where fields are dank, and there withdraw their light.

Though Poets still, as they were wont of yore, With filial love to fairy legends cling; The charm is half dispelled, and they no more Believe the magic wonders that they sing.

Yet, till the Muse from earth is driven away,
And young Romance hath broken, too, her wand,
Will elfin lore still grace the Poet's lay,
And his heart's home be still in Fairyland!



And deepest silence hung, Like a garment, o'er the land; When a loud and shrill reveillé rung From a grisly drummer's hand!

It rolled through the startled space,
That wild, unearthly sound;
Till the martyred dead of a doomed r
Uprose, and crowded 'round!

From the sleeping City near;
From the bright and genial South;
From the sands of Egypt's deserts drea
From the Danube's stormy mouth;





NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

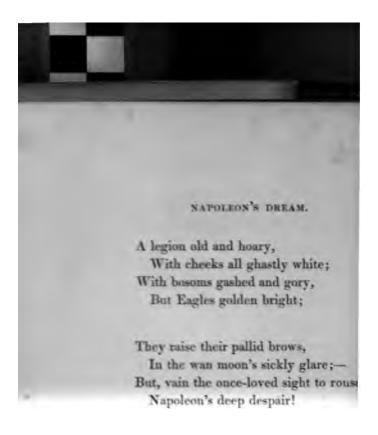
From the ice-realms of the North;
From devoted Moscow's plain;
Burst the might of armed myriads forth
To that stirring call again!

From the depths of Lybian seas;
From the Tyrol's mountains blue;
From the base of the snowy Pyrenees;
From the deadly Waterloo!

For, many a far-off land,
And many a wandering wave,
Had heard that loud and stern command,
And had yielded up its brave!

A trumpet-peal is blown;
Those scattered hosts combine;
And the soldier-slaves of the Iron Crown
Arise, and make their sign.

On shadowy chargers mounted,
With swords uplifted high,
From battle-fields uncounted,
The' Imperial Guards draw nigh;—



Still, the Drummer by his side
Plies his bleached and fleshless arm;
Till, surging on like the ocean tide,
Those grisly spectres swarm!

They shout no civats now.

For the chieftain once so dear;
For curses deep, though murmured low
Alone salute his ear.

Ha! whence that phantom throng
That file before him now,
And drag their maimed limbs along
So painfully and slow!



NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

From Jaffa's burning plain
Those shadowy forms have wended;
With cool and sordid treachery slain,
When the battle-strife had ended.

He shuts his conscious eyes,

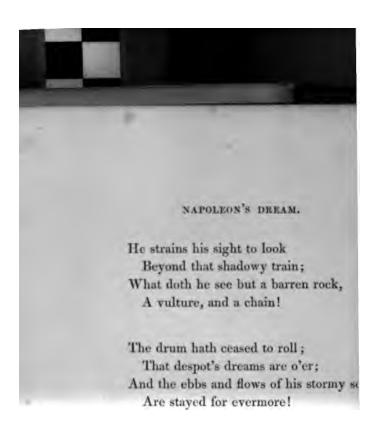
Their shrinking sense to save;
But a darker scene within them lies;

'Tis the gallant Enghein's grave!

The torches glare around
Where the dauntless Bourbon kneels,
In the castle fosse, on the damp, chill ground,
As the murderous volley peals!

The muffled drum tolls out
The youthful hero's knell:—
Napoleon starts, 'tis the battle shout,
And the roll of the shrill reveil!

Myriads before him spread,
Their standards rear on high;
But the flags are white as the charnelled dead,
For the grave hath the victory!



His empires all are gone;
His trappings, once so proud;
A rock-bound grave is his only throne,
And his kingly robe a shroud:

And he, whose dread commands

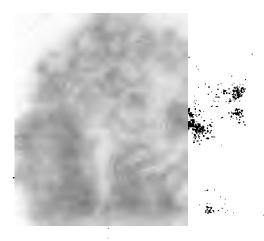
To millions once were doom,

Hath claimed, at length, from alien hand
A lone, unhonoured tomb.

1826.







w no gave us notier loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets;—who on earth have made us heirs
Of Truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
WORDSWORTH,

It is not true, it cannot be,

That the love of Song is o'er;

Though the mightier masters of the Lyre

May wake their harps no more:



1826.





THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT.

ON HEARING IT ASSERTED THAT THE AGE OF POETRY, LIKE THAT OF CHIVALKY, WAS GONE.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets;—who on earth have made us heirs
Of Truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
wordsworth,

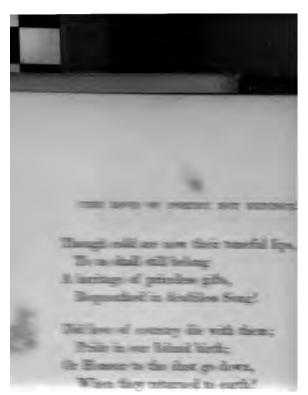
WORDSWORTH,

It is not true, it cannot be,

That the love of Song is o'er;

Though the mightier masters of the Lyre

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The moment of the affections when the Mind to the amount them to them.

Virtually of Tops I would not Tops.

I commission to the manual of the amount to the

The minimum of the minimum in the control of the co

ne Alone son Ermani, finh.
home normes soil.
Victoria on one; one the fish.
From The refinition Pole.



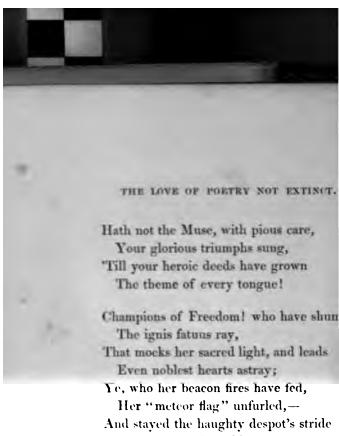
THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT.

Ho! Soldiers of a hundred fights,—
A household word each name,—
Come forth, and battle for the Muse
That imps so oft your fame!

Spirits of that devoted Band,
On earth beheld no more,
Old England's Chivalry that led
On sea and land of yore;
Answer from out your storied tombs
And shield the Muse from wrong;
Are not departed heroes' deeds
Recorded best in Song?

Saints militant! who fought so oft
'Gainst man's most stubborn foe;
And won ye crowns, more radiant far
Than earth could e'er bestow;
In your Great Captain's steps who trod,
No hope forlorn your fight,
And suffered bondage, stripes and death,
To testify His might;

Ye noble band of Martyrs, who,
In God's "whole armour" mailed,—
The shining panoply of Faith,—
O'er Sin and Death prevailed;



Across a vassal world;—

Who joy the trampled heart to raise, Unloose the captive's chain, And Liberty's heaven-chartered rights To strengthen and maintain: Prompt in the council as the field, The weak to ward from wrong; Was not your noblest daring learned From the trumpet-voice of Song?

Heralds of Peace! still toiling on To give the heathen light; Ye who would compass sea and land To gain one proselyte;—

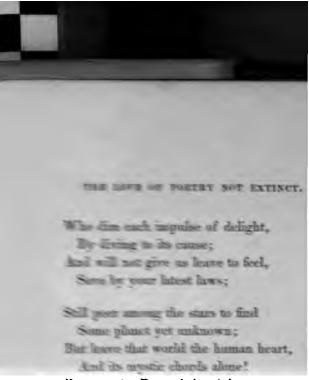
THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT.

Have ye not raised the feeble up,
And bowed to earth the strong,
As, Moses-like, ye struck the heart
With the charmed wand of Song!

Mourners! how deep soe'er the griefs
That weigh your spirit down;
A hearth made desolate and dark
By Fortune's angriest frown;
The death of some long cherished friend,
When friends, alas! are few;
The wild estrangement of a heart
You once believed so true:

Though Sorrows "in battalions" come,
With which 'tis hard to cope,
And the sad soul, beleaguered 'round,
Hath nothing left but Hope;
What spell can lull the tempest's rage,
Appease the spirit's wrong,
Like the precepts of the Poet's page,
The solace of his Song!

Philosophers! so keen of sight,
Inquisitive, and, oh!
So wise, men marvel how your heads
Can carry all you know;



Note to the Poet of the right.

So that maintained so long:
The reams of their indisky be yours.
Surfaces him those of Song!

The world with wonder fill.

Who asser than the wind can speed. The mandates of your will:
Closs not the Fiel's woodland path.
Figure very fiel you wrong:
However in wisdom still go reap.
Surfaces of wisdom still go reap.

Y: Mimmon-worshippers! forbear U: vent in Song your spleen: Pactolus is your charished fount. Your only Hippocreta!



THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT.

The Golden Age of Peace and Love, By poets hymned of old, Would have no charm for such as you, Who crave an Age of Gold!

Still to your Baal bend the knee,
Your sordid homage pay,
Till the base idol topples down,
And proves but worthless clay!
For you the minstrel's tuneful art
Were ever plied in vain,
Who centre every thought in self,
Whose only God is gain!

He hath no wisdom in the lore
With which your hearts are filled;
A novice in the Halls of Pride;
In the world's ways, a child!
Suffering, the badge of all his tribe,
Is his, neglect and wrong,
And Sorrow teaches him, too oft,
The burthen of his Song!

Yet from that dark and bitter spring, Like Marah's fount of yore, Flows many a sweet and healing draught, For thirsting hearts and sore;

THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT,

And proud and thrilling strains had slept, That now to earth belong, Had not the kindling touch of grief Prompted so oft the Song!

When he, the well-beloved of Heaven,
The monarch-minstrel sung,
Truths, that come home to every breast,
Resound from every tongue;
Oppressed, by "trouble" compassed round
And foes, in falsehood strong,
The sorrows that subdued his heart,
But sanctified his Song!

The love of Song can never fade,
Whilst gentle hearts are rife,
To feel the sunshine and the balm,
It sheds on human life!
Whilst Youth, fond, warm, ingenuous You
In faith and hope so strong,
Finds his heart echo to its tones,
Can he choose but love the song!

"Earth's Poesy is never dead,"
"Tis breathing everywhere,
In the starlight stillness of the night,
In the bright, warm, noontide air;

THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT.

The grassy glade, the waving wood,
The broad, upheaving sea;
The intermittent flash and roar
Of Heaven's artillery;

The mountain-tops by sunshine crowned,
Whilst girt by clouds below;
The twin-notes of the cuckoo's shout,
The summer twilight's glow;
The corn that sways with every breeze;
The river smooth yet strong,
That glides like life away; all, all
Are redolent of Song.

It is not sooth, it cannot be,

That the love of Song is o'er!

That the strains that were our childhood's spell,

May charm our sons no more!

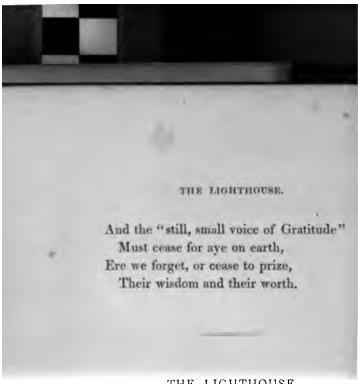
Till Fancy fades, and Hope grows chill,

And Pity's self hath fled,

The love of Poesy can ne'er

In British hearts be dead.

Then, "blessings on the sons of Song,
"Eternal praise be theirs,
"Who gave us truth and pure delight,"
And "nobler loves and cares."



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Yes, Desolation, on her viewless wing, Even now, perhaps, is speeding with the blast In deathful haste;—with angry visiting The surges sweep around us, and the mast, Bereft of sail, bends like a fragile reed Submissive to the storm. But for you light I had begun to deem this dreary night, For us, would have no morn. In greatest need, When through life's sea man's erring bark is driv Thus doth the beacon Hope with friendly gleam Speak peace unto his soul; and though its beam Bring not immediate aid, it can create Courage to bear the buffetings of Fate With patience, till he reach the sheltering port of

1816.





It is the Rhine, our own abounding river!

To home-sick hearts a vision half divine!

Its rapid current swiftly flows as ever;

It is the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!



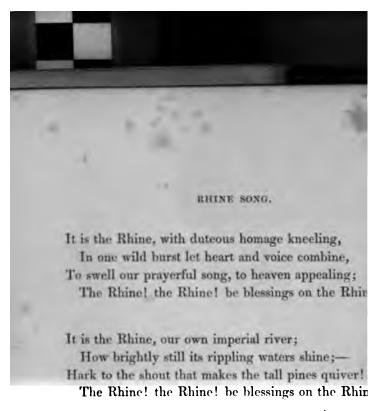
Courage to bear the buffetings of Fate



RHINE SONG.

It was from the heights above Cash (opposite to the Pfalfs), that the view of the Rhine first burst upon the Prussian troops, on their victorious return from France, and drew from them a simultaneous and exuiting about of "The Rhine!" which was repeated as each division came in sight of the river. They subsequently knell down, and sang, as with one heart and voice, their national song, "Am Rhein, Am Rhein!"

It is the Rhine, our own abounding river!
To home-sick hearts a vision half divine!
Its rapid current swiftly flows as ever;
It is the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!



It is the Rhine that laves our fatherland;
(The seat of all we love, fair Freedom's shrine;)
Above its haunted depths once more we stand;

It is the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!

Broken and spent, from battle-fields returning,
Our haven won, we will no more repine;
We left its banks for fame and conquest burning;
Our goal, at length, is gained: the Rhine! the Ri

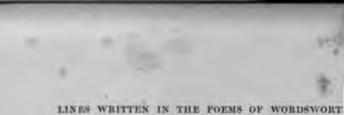
River of many hearts! rejoice, rejoice!
Glory and Freedom once again are thine!
Echo each storied height, with trumpet voice,
The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhin





LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE OF THE POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.

High Priest of the Nine! Poet, Prophet, and Sage, What deep lessons of wisdom are taught in thy page!— There, the young and the old, sad and mirthful, may find Each, reflected in sunshine, some "mood of his mind;" There, the simple may learn with kind feelings to glow, And the wise may discover how little they know! There, the broken in spirit may find solace and balm, And the tempest-tossed bosom be taught to grow calm; The rich, there are treasures that gold cannot buy; The poor, that there is but one rank in the sky; The guileless, their whiteness of spirit to keep; And the guilty, that vengeance not always will sleep! There, the gentle enthusiast whose heart hath been sown With pure poesy's seeds, some soft feeling may own, Some loved dream, in his heart cherished fondly and long, That he wanted the science to weave into song! There, the Pilgrim of Nature in fancy may stray, Where thy silver-bright Duddon glides calmly away,



By its flower-fringed margin its wanderings to trace, Till his thoughts are as placid and pure as its face: There, the Dreamer who tracks the swift footsteps of And for ever would muse 'mid his ruins sublime, Who delights to the deeds of past ages to turn, Will find lore that his spirit has thirsted to learn; From the song of proud Dion, so solemn and sweet, To thy "silver-white" Doe and her Sabbath retreat Each high theme of the Lyre hath awoke at thy cal Every chord hast thou touched, and drawn music fro

1824.



I'VE ROAMED THE WIDE WORLD OVER.

I've roamed the wide world over,
From Indus to the Pole;
I've been a general lover,
And loved with all my soul;
Whate'er her height, hair dark or light,
Confined, or flowing free;
Eyes, azure bright, or black as night,
'T was all the same to me.

Whatever flowers are springing,
My bosom's tares above,
Whatever thoughts are clinging
To my heart, of peace and love,—
Were planted there by Woman's care,
And nurtured 'neath her eye:
To her I clung, when life was young;
Be hers my latest sigh!

I 'VE ROAMED THE WIDE WORLD OVER

In our hours of pain and sorrow,
No balm is like her tear;
Even our joys more sweetness borrow,
When she we love is near!
Then fill me up a brimming cup,
To drink to Woman's worth;
And may she prove in heaven above,
The bliss she makes on earth!



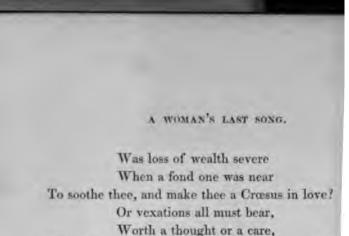
A WOMAN'S LAST SONG.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

'Tis now that softening hour
When love hath deepest power,
To stir the fond heart with its dreams of delight;
When even the sickening thrill
Of hope deferred is still,
And the sunset of feeling grows golden and bright.

Oh believe me then in this,
Though, in moments of bliss,
Every pulse of thy heart found a response in mine;
When the storm upon us came,
I may merit thy blame,
But, so sweet was our sorrow, I could not repine.

Forgive me if I deemed
Fate kinder than it seemed,
If I smiled at the world and its wildest alarms;
If I inly blessed the grief
That bade thee seek relief
In the loving and cherishing pale of my arms.



What are life's petty ills, Its hectics or its chills,

Which a kiss, and thou'st owned it, a kiss could re

Can they weaken affection or wither its flowers?

No; to hearts with feeling warm,

Love's the bow of the storm,

That grows broader and brighter the faster it show

Thus will it ever be,
On the world's troubled sea,
When two fond ones are cleaving in concert their
Though clouds sometimes may hide
Them, and tempests divide,
They'll be nearer than e'er when the rack drives

In life's genial spring,
As on Pleasure's light wing
Through her bowers of enchantment we joyously
With feelings, hopes and fears,
Far too deep for our years,
In that spring-burst of sunshine we met and we l



A WOMAN'S LAST SONG.

Thou wert then of an age
When the stormy passions rage
More wildly the harsher earth's wise ones reprove;
Pride and gentleness combined,
In thy deep heart were shrined;
The softness and fire of the eagle and dove!

Though Fortune was unkind,
To thy merits ever blind,
Still thy soul could unstooping her malice endure;
And what though thou wert thrown
On this wide world alone,
Did I love thee the less for being friendless and poor?

What is wealth, what is wealth,
Could it purchase me health,
Or secure for us moments more blissful than those
We together oft have passed,
When even Fate's chilling blast
Could not ruffle our own little heaven of repose!

Surely not, surely not;
Every grief was forgot,
Whilst enfolded by thee on thy bosom I hung;
And though tempests raged above,
They were harmless to love,
For the wilder the ruin the closer we clung.



INSCRIPTION.

Stranger! if from the crowded walks of life
Thou lovest to stray, and woo fair Solitude
Amid her woodland bowers;—silent to brood,
Apart from world's vanities and strife,
O'er nature's charms, her fairest haunts behold,
Let this sweet spot thy roving steps arrest!
Say, dwells the canker Care within thy breast?
Yon streamlet, murmuring o'er its sands of gold,
Shall soothe thee with soft music; and thine eye,
Albeit unused to glisten with delight,—
Survey the scene here opening on thy sight,
With 'raptured gaze!—Oh, if beneath the sky,
Stranger, to mortal man such home be given
What may HE hope, whose eye is fixed on Heave

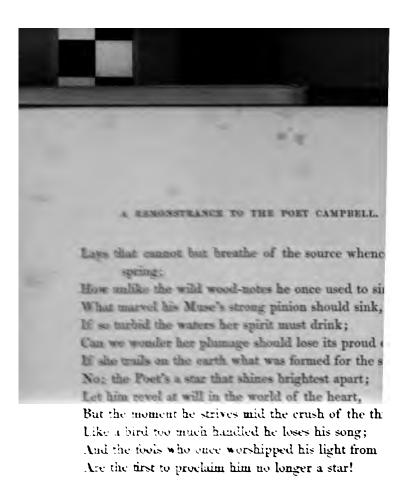
308



A REMONSTRANCE TO THE POET CAMPBELL,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO TAKE UP HIS PERMANENT RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

Dear Poet of Hope! who hast charmed us so long With thy strains of home-music, sweet, solemn, and strong; Now, smooth as the stream when 'tis chained and at rest, And the hues of the sky lie like flowers on its breast,— Now sweeping in glory and might on its way, And now struggling from shadows and darkness to day. Oh, leave not the haunts most propitious to song, For the city's wild strife and the jar of the throng!— Though the freshness of feeling that prompted in youth Thy heart-stirring measures hath died; and the truth That is shrined in the soul when life's voyage is begun, May be something impaired ere the haven be won; Though the visions have fled that gave light to thy spring, And thy heart and thy harp each is wanting a string; Like the leaves on the tree that no tempest may kill, There are feelings unwithered that cling to thee still! Alas, that a poet, so gifted, should leave Life's green vale of repose, 'mid the many to weave





A CHRISTMAS SONG.

The present moment's all our own,
The next, who ever saw!
MICKLE.

Come, fill me up a brimming cup,
We'll season wine with wit and song;
For earthly joy, without alloy,
Not often comes, nor tarries long:
Unthrift it were, to look for Care,
No need hath he Time's wings to borrow;
Then, friends, be gay with me to-day,
And I'll be wise with you to-morrow!

With loved ones near, good friends, good cheer,
The fireside glow, and genial heart;
Why should we look in Fate's black book,
The present moment's mirth to thwart!
In green old age, the Christmas Sage,
Should never wear a frown or furrow;
Then, friends, be gay with me to-day,
And I'll be wise with you to-morrow!



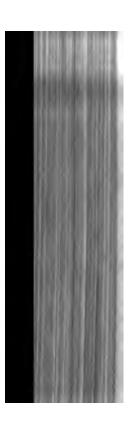
THOU HAST FLASHED ON MY SIGHT.

Thou hast flashed on my sight,
Like a spirit of love,
In my sorrow's deep night,
From the regions above!
And thy beauty's calm light
With new lustre seems crowned,
As the star shows more bright
From the darkness around!

And thy voice, sweet and low
As the echo of song,
Or the streamlet's soft flow,
As it murmurs along,
Seems a balm to impart
In this desolate hour,
That refreshes my heart,
As the dew-drop the flower.









ENVOY.

I.

Spring breathes around us; the bright air is filled With glistening life, and odours dewy sweet; The far off stir, by mellowing distance stilled, Scarce wafts a murmur to our green retreat: Come, let us seek the old accustomed seat, Together watch day's ebbing waves decline; Till our full hearts bow down, with reverence meet, To Him who gave that glowing light to shine—Bright in its morning prime, but at this hour divine!



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II.

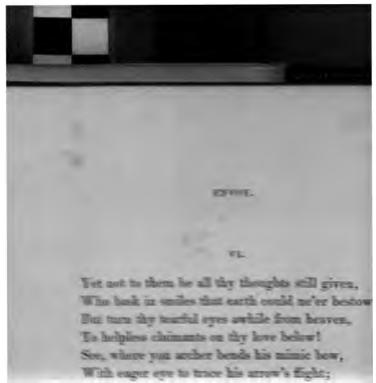
It is a money that well the scene bewere, Israella manguilla southing, full of hope and The character's value of minimized dream. The same that their ill known anguish coase. For what was death to them? A sweet relation of the money of these trains of the money of the same of the s

IV.

All that our trusting hearts have bled to know;
Much that our aching breasts must brave again;
The hollow friend, the smooth, insidious foe;
Keen self-reproach for gifts bestowed in vain;
And all the racking "family of Pain!"
Oh, if 'tis sweet to 'scape such withering woes;
To break the bondage of so hard a chain;
How doubly blest the timeless doom of those
Who, all unstained by earth, enjoy that deep repose!

٧.

And such their lot, for whom we love to shed
Tears, that of rapture more than grief partake;
Locked in that slumber of the sinless dead,
No strife can stir, no agony can break:
Thrice blessed art thou for those fair children's sake;
Fetters of love to link thee to the skies!
Whoe'er would wish from such a dream to wake;
Who but must envy thee those holiest ties,
A mother's yearnings fond for babes in Paradise!



Can mornal hope a fairer promise show? Look where the shark hach struck.—he laughs out Until us infant from seems bacyant with delight!

¥ []

And to that morth an answering echo rings.

Your the enchanced nurshing on thy knee.
As an around her slighted toys she fittings.
His spect to join with sympathetic glee:
Struggling with her impatience to be free.
And share the miumphs of that wondrous feat:
Not all unmoved doth he her gladness see:
But hastes the practised marvel to repeat.
I'll the blue welkin rings with laughter wild and:



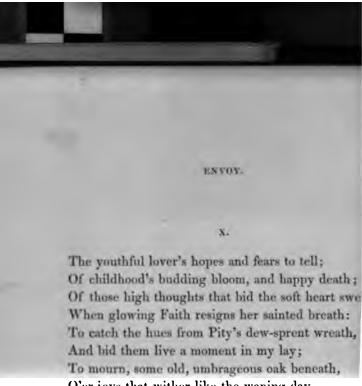


VIII.

And canst thou list and not be joyous too,
That simple music of the guileless heart?
Canst thou those sweet and sinless raptures view,
And in their bliss refuse to bear a part?
Forbid it, love, all gentle as thou art;
Forbid it, too, that fond, maternal smile;
Then let each sad and boding thought depart,
Turn from life's cankers and its cares awhile,
And let such sights and sounds thine anxious heart beguile!

IX.

Deem it not strange I should prefer the string
That best accords with gentle themes like these,
And leave the realms of Fancy's wilder wing,
To sing of home and homebred sympathies:
Content with few and simple notes to please,
And win a poet's meed from hearts like thine,
All unambitious prouder wreaths to seize,
The Muse's loftier vision I resign,
So that her twilight tears and sunset smiles be mine!



O'er joys that wither like the waning day, And wear their loveliest smiles even whilst they fade

XI.

Or, haply, murmuring of some peaceful cot,
The home of pleasures pure, pursuits refined;
Some quiet nook, some calm, sequestered spot,
Radiant with triumphs of the heart and mind;
Where Poesy and Painting sit enshrined;
Where Art and Nature yield their treasures chast
And charm their votaries with their spells combin
Where Genius' self, by Truth and Fancy graced,
Doth not disdain to own the plastic hand of Taste.



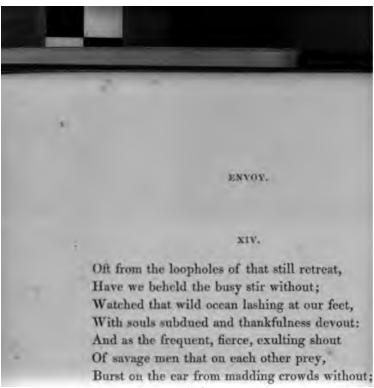


XII.

Such are the simple songs I bring thee here,
Songs that a few will prize, that all may feel;
Records of bliss and woe, of hope and fear,
Of lowly lives like tranquil streams that steal,
And in their wanderings, dark or bright, reveal
The shade or sunshine of their chequered way:
Such is the offering that with duteous zeal,
And love, time-hallowed, at thy feet I lay;
Where could my votive Muse such well-carned homage pay!

XIII.

To whom but thee could I so fitly bring
The fond memorials of that downy nest,
Where Fancy oft hath plumed her ruffled wing
With sounds of peace, and images of rest;
Where by life's ills and meaner cares depressed,
I joy to flee for solace and repose,—
The love and counsels of thy gentle breast;—
A hallowed home, no carking strife that knows,
Where lulling sights and sounds my world-vexed thoughts
compose.



Twas sweet to feel we were not such as they, And sadder, wiser, turn from that keen strife away

XV.

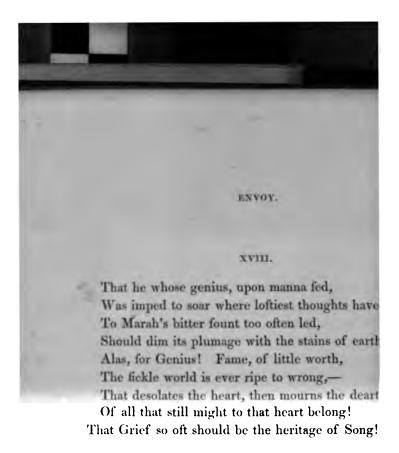
And sweet 'neath genial skies in summer weath
To watch as now the radiant day decline;
To turn some bright, immortal page together,
Where Poesy's unnumbered treasures shine,
And Genius strews around her spells divine;
Milton's proud pomp for Spenser's sweetness k
Drink polished wit from Pope's melodious line
With forceful Gray aspire, with Collins grieve;
Mourn hapless Auburn's fate, and Cowper's truth

XVI.

Or, sometimes seated by our smiling hearth,
When storms without uplift their wintry din,
And quiet thoughts from those wild sounds have birth,
Deepening the sweetness of the calm within;
In taste united, as in heart akin,
To seek (in thought) the bowers of modern Song,
A glowing garland of its flowers to twine;
Together, thus the cheerful eve prolong,
That seldom comes too soon—and never seems too long.

XVII.

To wander forth with Harold's wayward Childe,
As storm or sunshine rules his Pilgrimage;
To share his gentler moods, his transports wild,
And hang with breathless wonder o'er his page.
Alas! that he who could all hearts engage,
And stir, at will, the soul's divinest springs,
War with his better self so oft would wage,
And wring harsh discords from harmonious strings;
Veiling his spirit's eyes, like the angel, with his wings!



XIX.

To seek, with Campbell, Susquehanah's wave, And list the descant of his Indian Chief; To muse awhile o'er Connocht Moran's grave, And share his widowed bride's indignant grief Or, when the song peals forth, in grand relief, Of England's meteor flag, and Nelson's fame, In trumpet notes, sonorous, clear, and brief; To feel, within, the patriotic flame
Lit in each British heart by that undying name!

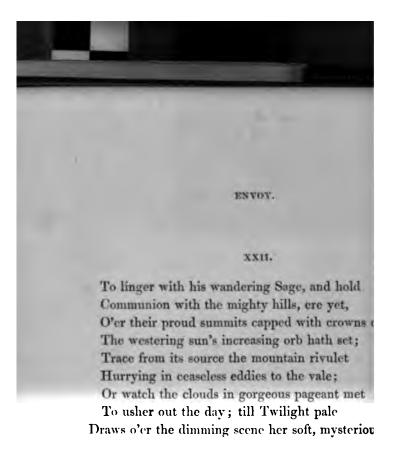


XX.

Poet of Hope! though many a joy hath fled,
And many a dream, too wildly loved to last,
In youth's bright spring our bounding hearts that fed,
And came like sunshine, have like sunshine past;
Though Hope for us may never more forecast
Her El-Dorado, sought so long in vain;
Though Fancy fail, and Youth may fleet as fast,
Till but life's cold realities remain,
Her Pleasures still will live in thy melodious strain!

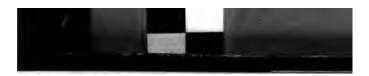
XXI.

And sweet, in concert, bending o'er his lay,
To own the spell of Wordsworth's loftier power;
By devious Duddon's tranquil stream to stray;
By swifter Wharfe to while a thoughtful hour;
List the sweet Sabbath-bells from Bolton Tower,
When glides from Rylstone Fell the milk-white Doe,
There, by one green sequestered grave to cower,
And, when the latest hymn hath ceased, to go
Back to her mountain haunts, with step screne and slow!



XXIII.

Nor has our homage been delayed till now,
Poet and Prophet! ere the voice of Fame,
That with unfading wreaths hath bound thy b
Was heard to more than murmur forth thy not
Amid the scoffer's gibe, the critic's blame,
That loftiest truths from simplest lips should
Ere Fashion's plaudits swelled the loud accla
For even fashion's fool can track the tide,—
A household word it grew our smiling hearth b

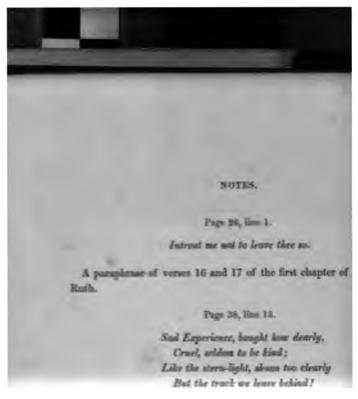


XXIV.

And by the statue of the armed knight,
Where leans with lips apart fair Genevieve,
How sweet to share the tale of wrack and blight,
She loves the more because it makes her grieve;
Until the feigned woe doth so deceive,
She deems the "ladye"'s sorrows all her own;
And fearful fate should thus her heart bereave,
Yields coy consent before the tale is done;
And thus, by Pity stirred, without a prayer is won!

XXV.

In Wilson's white-winged bark to sail away
To some green island in the Indian sea,
Where life is one long summer holiday,
And Nature keeps eternal jubilee:
Where Woman blooms in native purity,
And fairest flowers and fruits spontaneous smile;
Where nothing toils beside the busy bee;
Where Care comes not, nor Falsehood's serpent wile,
To mar the perfect peace of that enchanted isle.



To most men. Experience is like the stern-lights of a illumine only the track it has passed.

s. T. COL

Page 48, line 2.

I see thee oft in Fancy's glass,
"Edsein" and "Ranger" in thy train,
Pacing across the village plain,
The "Broken Bridge" to pass.

The allusions in this and the three succeeding stanzas reincluded in Mrs. Southey's "Solitary Hours," "Birthday Poems," as well as to her pathetic "Chapters on Churchyan

Page 50, line 21.

T.ll Memory's self be dead.

Till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

330



NOTES.

Page 70, line 5.

Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die!
And rally life's last energies to die!
CHINNERY'S DYING GLADIATOR.

Page 77, line 1.

Mark those infant twins that kneel, Side by side,

These lines were suggested by a beautiful picture from the pencil of my esteemed friend, Thomas Uwins, R.A., entitled "Children in Prayer."

Page 78, line 20, to page 80, line 2.

Lo! where you uplifted eyes

Seem to commune with the skies.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to mention, that the descriptions contained in this passage have reference to celebrated pictures by Guido, Correggio, Carlo Dolci, and Claude.

Page 100, line 1.

How hath the fierce oppressor fall'n, The Golden City ceased.

A paraphrase of part of the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, namely, of verses 4 to 12 and 14 to 23.

Page 169, line 1.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land.

This Poem was reprinted in the Prospectus of an Institution for Sisters of Charity, which it was attempted to establish, some years



vent for English Sisters of Charity originated, expenmoncy in purchasing and walling in its intended site has not yet succeeded in obtaining the funds requisition of the edifice. An institution on this plan, wl Christian ladies of all religious denominations, could l a blessing to the poor of this country. I have made with the pious labours of the Sisters of Charity in Pa with confidence that, the sketch I have drawn (fre distinguished member of the order is by no means an

Page 223, line 1.

I saw thee in thy beauty, bright phantom of

In a lecture on Poetry, from the pen of the late published in Tait's Magazine, it is remarked of the "full of home truths so affectingly real, that no pen them can be in doubt as to what it is that constitutes "show." Mr. Elliott, however, ascribes the poem to statue it was written to commemorate. I avail myself to reclaim it for its rightful owner, Mrs. Alaric Watts.

Page 300, line 4.

The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the



ERRATA.

Page 59, line 14, for "gone," read "flown."

- ", 157, ... 13, for "is," read "are."

 ", 158, ... 18, for "my," read "by."

 ", 173, ... 12, for "claim," read "chaim."

 ", 237, title, for "spirit," read "ccho."
- " 282, line 17. for "earlier," read "youthful."
- .. 185, title of plate, for "W. Miller," read "W. Hill."



PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

By the same Author.

11

IN ONE VOLUME, CROWN OUTAVO,

COMMON SENSE.

A POEM; IN THE HEROIC COUPLET.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made.
YOUNG.

H

IN ONE VOLUME, CROWN OCTAVO,

HOUSEHOLD SONGS:

FOUNDED ON ONE HUNDRED SELECT PROVERES OF ALL NATIONS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

111.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS,

THE BIRTH-DAY COUNCIL;

OR

HOW TO BE USEFUL.

A TALE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.

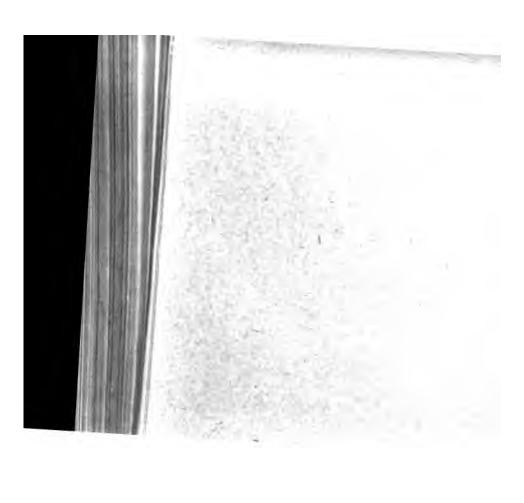
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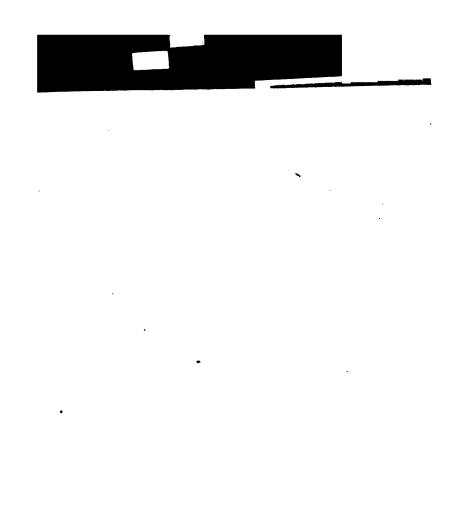


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